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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A WOODLAND WALK IN AUTUMN.

BY A. H. P.

In autumn days,
I love to walk amid the gorgeous wood,
View Nature in her calm and solemn mood,
And note her ways.

The leaves display
More bright and varied hues before decline;
Like saints that show a radiance divine,
And pass away.

'Tis sad, yet sweet,
To walk paths strewn by the autumnal blast,
And hear the echoes of the blooming past
Beneath our feet.

The flower that grew
Of late so beautifully, now is dead—
No more to rear with exquisite grace its head
To light and dew.

The streamlets flow
With feeble vigor in their winding course;
E'en as the pulse of age, abating force,
Beats soft and slow.

Stream, flower and leaf
Seem to admonish me, and gravely say:
"All earthly things must vanish and decay—
Their life is brief."

And soon will come
Thy autumn-time, the harbinger of death,
That should be but a yielding up of breath—
A transport home.

In autumn-time
See that thou wear the radiance divine,
And shed around thy pathway ere decline
A ray sublime.

Then should old age,
With feeble pulse, invade thy trembling clay,
Thou couldst face death, and quietly survey
Life's pilgrimage.

Now comprehend
The birds of passage, and for flight prepare,
To climes where blooming bowers and softer air
Their songs await.

But ere they wing
Their airy flight they pour, in liquid notes,
A lay of thrilling sweetness from their throats
That makes heaven ring.

Thus have we seen
The dying Christian, ere he passed away,
Pour forth triumphantly his sweetest lay,
With heavenly mien.

Accept, my soul,
The teachings leaf, flower, stream and birds convey,
And plume thyself to cleave the airy way
To Heaven's bright goal.

Brunswick, Ill.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE DEPARTED.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

I sat by thee, weeping,
Thou sawest not me!
And while thou wert sleeping
Each sigh was for thee.
Each sob was for thee, love,
Each tear was for thee!

I still lingered near thee
At morning's gray dawn,
No more could I cheer thee,
Thy spirit was gone—
Thy spirit was gone, love,
Departed and gone!

Alas! I am lonely!
For thou art afar;
I loved but thee only,
Thou wert my life's star—
My cheering, bright star, love,
My beautiful star!

Ah! could I have kept thee
Till age stamped thy brow,
I should not have wept thee
So bitterly now—
So wailingly now, love,
So mournfully now.

But, thou, the pure-hearted,
In life's early bloom,
From me hast departed,
Gone down to the tomb—
The mournful, dark tomb, love,
The silent, sad tomb!

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

FAITHFUL FOREVER.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY EMMA GARRISON,

AUTHORESS OF "FREDDY IRVIN," "ZAIDEE, OR THE RUBY CROSS," &C.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXI.

KIBBIE'S CONFESSION.

On a beautiful morning in the latter part of June, pale and thin, and carrying his arm in a sling, Clifford mounted, not his favorite mustang, but his father's ambling pony, and, followed by Lion, started down to the village. The same familiar scenes were around him; the same fragrant blossoms, silver waters and majestic mountains that had greeted him on that first evening of his return. But he viewed them, as he passed along, with emotions entirely different. All his anxious discontent and fiery unrest were gone; a sweet peace enfolded all his senses, and life outstretched before him, an untrodden pathway, in which he was but just fairly started. What had so changed him? His reconciliation with Mary? That had done its part; but there was something else, deep and holy in its influences, which he felt but could not explain. God's peace had fallen on him; his nature had undergone a conversion, which, after all, is nothing more than God's peace vouchsafed unto man, when, with all the strength within him, he turns his face from evil and his feet from the paths of sin. Clifford had done this, not impulsively as in former days, but in all seriousness and humility; and, as he rode on beneath the over-arching sky, inhaling the dewy fragrance of the golden morn, a blessed sense of security, of love and divinest peace, filled and overflowed his soul, making him strong and sufficient for the task he had undertaken.

Of course, his first call was at Miss Tabby's; dismounting and fastening his horse to a bough of the maple tree, he was about to rap for admittance, when the door flew open, and the little milliner confronted him, wearing quite a different aspect than when she had thus greeted him a year or two before.

"Well, I do declare," she exclaimed, smilingly, "you surprise a body, Mr. Kent, lookin' so well, and comin' so early. Come in, come in, you must be tired o' standin'. Mary, Mary, here's Mr. Kent."

Mary came forward with eager alacrity, smiling and blushing with pleasure; and then Clifford was comfortably disposed in the rocking-chair, and, after a little casual conversation, he proceeded to speak of the object of his morning ride.

"I've come down," he said, addressing Miss Tabby, in deference to her age, "to try to do something for poor Horace; but where or how to begin I can't, for the life of me, tell. As I've often said before, Miss Tabby, I'm satisfied in regard to his innocence, and ready at any moment to testify to the circumstances under which that unfortunate draft was written; but all that can do no good. It was endorsed and cashed by some person, and until I can get a clue to that person, there seems but little hope of success."

Miss Tabby finished a loop on the bonnet she was dressing, and then said, abruptly:

"Mr. Kent, don't you think there's a great likeness between Horace Kenilworth and his cousin, the Attorney?"

"Very great, indeed; they'd pass for twin brothers," replied Clifford, somewhat startled at her question. "But why did you refer to it, Miss Tabby?"

"O, nothin' much—only the man that cashed that draft must a' resembled Horace Kenilworth," was the significant answer.

Clifford almost started from his seat, and his first emotion was utter astonishment that he had not thought of it before. He rose up, pale and excited, his voice trembling, as he said:

"Miss Tabby, you surely can trust me; if you know anything, if you have any suspicions concerning this matter, in the name of Heaven, do not, I beseech you, keep them from me."

She mused a moment, then laid down her work and folded her hands.

"Mr. Kent," she said, firmly, "I'm not the woman to slander my neighbors, nor is it my habit to listen to what any and everybody has to say—but it's my candid belief that Lawrence Kenilworth cashed that draft and laid it on his cousin."

"And mine too," echoed Clifford, jumping at a conclusion with his usual impetuosity, "but the proof, Miss Tabby, the proof?"

"That I'm not able to give, Mr. Kent," she said, sadly; "I only know the rumor's afloat, and I'm not the only one that believes it—and it's whispered, too, that Lawrence Kenilworth's got no right to the property he took away from his cousin; and that's one reason why he wanted to get him out o' the way."

Clifford bowed his head until his forehead rested on the arm of the chair, and remained for several moments in deep thought. When he looked up again, his face was weary and hopeless in its expression, and his voice had lost all its buoyant cheerfulness, as he said:

"I don't see what I can do—it's all plain enough, but there's not the least clue to begin with. Poor Horace, I'm afraid I shall do nothing for him."

"They do say," continued Miss Tabby, half ashamed to repeat the low gossip of the village, "that old Kibbie, the washer-woman knows somethin', but no one can get it out o' her; but it may'nt be so; I don't put much dependence in sich talk."

"Old Kibbie, where does she live?" inquired Clifford, brightening up again.

"In that little hovel back o' the school-house. She's a queer body, one I don't much like; but she's uncommon keen, and may know somethin', for all I know."

Clifford rose and took up his hat.

"I'll go down and see her anyhow," he said, smiling; "if it does no good, it can certainly do no harm. I must begin somewhere, and as well with her as anywhere, maybe. Good-bye, Mary, I'll be back in an hour or so."

"Take care of yourself," whispered Mary, glancing up from her sewing at his helpless arm.

"O, yes," he laughed, passing his hand over her head as he went out, "old Kibbie will not be apt to harm me. Good-bye."

Remounting his horse, he rode rapidly down to the school-house, and throwing his bridle over that self-same rock to which he fastened it on that memorable evening, when he and the schoolmaster tested their skill at forgery, he paused a moment to consider his plan of action. There stood the little brown school-house beneath the rustling oak boughs, and there sat the rows of children, but another teacher was behind the ink-scrawled desk, where Horace had so long presided. Clifford's heart swelled in his bosom and his eyes filled with tears, and turning away from a scene that so utterly unmanned him, he walked round to the washer-woman's cottage.

Under a brush-covered shanty before the door, her skinny arms elbow-deep in foamy suds, stood the veritable Kibbie, keeping time to the plashing of her clothes with a kind of chanting song.

"Sarvant, young master," she said obsequiously, as he came up, bowing and curtseying as she took her hands from the tub and wiped them on her blue cotton apron.

Clifford stood before her in silence, wholly at a loss, for the moment, as to what he should say, and by what title to address her. He had never heard her spoken of only as Kibbie the washer-woman, and for the life of him he could not determine whether to preface the name with Miss or Mrs. But, after a few moments of painful embarrassment, that convenient appellative, universally belonging to women of her class, came to his aid, and he said, with great relief:

"Good evening, *Aunt* Kibbie; I want to have a little conversation with you, and being rather weak yet, I'll take a seat under the arbor."

Perhaps his familiarity pleased her, for her eyes twinkled, and she ran in for a chair for the young master; and having seated him in it, she crouched down on the door-sill, and turned her face towards him with an expression of keen curiosity.

"I've been informed, Aunt Kibbie," began Clifford, stammering for suitable words, "or I've heard, rather, that you possess some knowledge of the forgery for which Horace Kenilworth was sent to the penitentiary."

She flashed her black eyes on him with a keen and scrutinizing glance, and then said, cunningly:

"What if I do, young master?"

"Why, it's your duty," he continued, his heart leaping to his mouth, "to make it known, for, as sure as God's in Heaven, that young man was condemned wrongfully."

"And what if I make it known?" she continued, in the same cautious, cunning tone.

"Why you'll help to clear the innocent and to bring the guilty to judgment."

"And make myself enemies, and gain never a penny by the bargain," she said, significantly. Clifford saw her drift in an instant, and hastened to add:

"Not make yourself enemies, but gain the approbation of all honest people, and make yourself independent for life."

Her black eyes fairly glittered.

"Independent for life, young master—what d'ye mean?"

"I mean this," he answered, impetuously, "that if you know anything important about this matter, and will give me a correct statement of it, and consent to do the same, on your oath, before a magistrate, I'll have your cottage repaired and comfortably furnished, and give you two hundred dollars in gold—in good, bright gold, Aunt Kibbie."

Her eyes glittered like diamonds, and she clasped her hands together in a kind of ecstasy.

"Two hundred dollars in gold, did you say, young master? Two hundred dollars in gold?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Two hundred dollars in gold—paid down in your hand to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow mornin' young master—how do I know but you're jokin'?"

"You have my word," he said, impatiently, "and if that won't do, take this," and tearing a leaf from his diary, he pencilled a few lines upon it and tossed it towards her.

She picked it up as it fluttered down to her feet—ran her eyes over it, and, with a sigh of infinite satisfaction, pinned it to the front of her frock. It was a large reward—a smaller one would have answered the same purpose, but Clifford never counted dollars when he had important interests at stake.

"And you'll see that I come to no harm, young master?" she continued, eyeing him with cunning sagacity.

"On my life, I will," he answered, impatiently. "Now, my good woman, for Heaven's sake, go on!"

"Well, young master," she began, folding down her blue cotton apron and crossing her hands on her knee, "it was the evenin' afore you went off—you remember, I reckon—"

"Yes, yes, I remember!"

"Well I allers done the schoolmaster's washin', and he paid me up every week's end; but that week I was uncommon behind-hand. I'd split the head out o' my best tub, and broke the handle off my flat-iron; so I axed the schoolmaster couldn't he manage to le'm-me have a little change aforehand? He said yes, right away—he was good pay, and paid more'n wages too—many and many be's the extry shillin' he's gi'mme. But's I was sayin', he said yes, and tole me't call roun that evenin' and git the money. Well, I was uncommon busy, doin' up fur Brown's gals, and I kep thinkin' an thinkin' I'd leave off an go, an puttin' it off agin, till the sun's most down, an I heerd the chilen hollerin' on the commons. So I jes drops my work and runs right doun 't the winder. I allers went to the winder when I wanted to speak wi' the master. But when I gits thar, he was settin' 'fore the desk, an you was wi' him—an ye was both a talkin' so earnest like I didn't like to interrupt ye. So I kep standin' an standin', hopin' you'd git done an go 'way—I didn't mean to eavesdrop, young master."

"No, no, my good woman, go on," said Clifford, half beside himself with impatience.

"Well, while I stood thar, I sees the master tear a leaf out o' one o' his books, an then you an him talk 'bout goin' off, an 'bout Miss Mary, an 'bout borrerin' money from ole miser Hughes—and I jes laugh, an ses to myself, ef he never gits no money 'fore ole Hughes lends it to him, he won't git none soon. Then you laughed, an ses, 'tell ye what I'll do, I'll draw off a draft in old Hughes' name, an git it cashed, an run off wi' the money.' Then you writ somethin' an give it to the master, an he writ somethin' too, an you tuk it an read, 'Pay to the bearer the sum o' five thousand dollars, Jacob Hughes,' an tole the master he must a' served his trade at forgin'. But he said, no; he got the knack by tryin' to write like other folks at school; an you axed, what if you's to have it cashed; an the master laughed, an pinted to the jail; an then you both laughed an looked up, an I dodged down, an thought all at once that I was eavesdroppin', an it made me feel guilty like, an I went back, an didn't ax the master for the money."

"And what next?" asked Clifford, eagerly.

"Nothin' that night, master," she answered, cunningly, evidently pleased at his impatience.

"Well, next morning? Speak on!"

"Have patience, master; give a body time to think."

Again she smoothed down her apron and crossed her hands, and then:

"Well, the next mornin'," she continued, "I went down to the school-house agin—but when I got to the winder the master hadn't come—an the chilen was runnin' an tearin' all over the house; an I stood thar, makin' mouths at 'em, an makin' 'em laugh an scream, when who should come to the door but Turney Kenilworth."

Clifford bounded to his feet with a sudden force, that sent a tingling thrill of pain through every nerve in his bandaged arm.

"Attorney Kenilworth? Are you sure?" he asked, excitedly.

"Sure, master? Didn't I see him wi' my own eyes?"

"Go on—go on!"

"You're sure it'll bring me into no harm, master?" she questioned, doubtfully.

"Heavens above, no. How can it bring you into harm? Go on!"

"Well, as I was sayin', who should come to the door but Turney Kenilworth. The chilen all huddled up in the corners 's still as death, an I goes behind the winder shetter, an looks in through the crack—not as I wanted to eavesdrop—but I was waitin' for the master, an had as much right to see what was goin' on as any one. The Turney, he walks up an down once or twice, talkin' to the chilen; then he goes an sets down in the master's chair 'hind the desk. The desk was all kivered wi' scraps o' paper, them 's you an the master had writ on the evenin' afore, an the Turney commenced lookin' 'em over. After awhile he come to one that kind o' took him. His face all fired up as he read it over, an he folded it up an put it in his waiskit pocket, shakin' his head, an lookin' satisfied 'bout somethin'. An it struck me all in a minnit, that he'd got hold o' one o' the drafts you an the master had writ. But I didn't say nothin', an after awhile the master, he comes, an takes up the rest o' the papers, an throws 'em in the fire-place; an the Turney offered him his place to have the Examination in; but the master said no; an the Turney went away, an I calls to the master, an gits my money an goes home too. An when the master was 'rested for forgin', I jes b'lieves he was innocent, an the Turney had done it all."

"Then why, in Heaven's name, didn't you come forth and give in your testimony?" asked Clifford, angrily.

"What I want to be dragged to Court for, an questioned, an stared at, an never make a ha'penny by't?"

Clifford's face flushed with indignation at her sordid meanness, but, choking down his wrath, he said, quietly:

"Well, there's no time to lose; get ready and accompany me down to the magistrate's office; your testimony may be very important."

"And you're sure it'll not bring me to harm, master?" she asked again.

"Yes, yes; don't ask me the question again," he thundered, "or I'll have you arrested for having concealed this matter so long. Hurry, I've no time to lose."

Looking back at him with the expression of an animal conscious of having found its master, she shuffled into the hovel, threw on her shawl and hood, and then walked sullenly behind him down to the magistrate's office.

That gentleman, very fortunately, happened to be in, and listened with eager attention to Clifford's statement; after which he seated himself at the table, formed his little impromptu court, administered the oath, and took down the washer-woman's testimony. When she had been dismissed, he and Clifford had a long and confidential consultation, and parted with the understanding that they were to visit the banker on the morrow, and to preserve the utmost secrecy in regard to their investigations.

"What luck?" asked Miss Tabby, and Mary in the same breath, as Clifford reappeared before them, his face all aglow with triumph.

"O, the best kind o' luck. Old Kibbie's testimony's as clear as daylight. Horace will be out in no time."

Mary dropped her work in glad astonishment, and "Do tell, Mr. Kent," broke in Miss Tabby, eagerly.

He told them all, detailing Kibbie's testimony very minutely; and wound up by enjoining upon them the utmost secrecy, after which, having chatted away an hour or so, he coaxed Mary out as far as the maple tree, and left her blushing and looking after him, as he remounted his horse and rode homeward.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BANKER'S TESTIMONY.

"Mother, have you any money of your own?" asked Clifford, the next morning, lingering in the breakfast-room after his father and Florence had gone out.

"Yes, my son. Why do you ask?"

"Because I want some. Have you as much as two hundred dollars?"

"Yes, Clifford, I've something over three hundred, that your father gave me to lay out for poor Florence's wedding."

"Let me have two hundred of it, will you, mother? I don't like to go to father, and I'm obliged to have it."

She turned towards him with a look of anxious inquiry.

"To be sure, Clifford, you're welcome to the money, but—"

"O, I see," he interrupted, hastily, "you can't trust me, mother—and I don't blame you for it—but you needn't be uneasy now; I don't want it for anything wrong. I've a scheme on foot, that I don't mean to let you all know about till I see my chances for success. But you don't look satisfied yet, mother—well, well, I'll not make you uneasy—I've caused you trouble enough already—you shall know what I want with the money, only don't breathe a word of it to Florence—I want it to help me to establish Horace Kenilworth's innocence. Wil that do?"

Her face brightened with its old illuminating smile, and, without a word, she went into her chamber, and returned almost immediately, bringing a large pocket-book.

"Here it is, my son," she said, tenderly. "Something over three hundred, I believe—do with it as you will—poor Florence's bridal money could not be put to a better purpose. If you want more, let me know, and I'll get it from your father."

He took the pocket-book, slipped it in his breast pocket, and, after telling his mother not to expect him home until the next day, mounted his horse and galloped down to the village.

His first call was at Kibbie's cottage, where, to her infinite satisfaction, he paid down, according to promise, the two hundred dollars in gold, and left her with the assurance that her cottage should be repaired and refurnished as soon as he had leisure to attend to it. But, most unfortunately, he forgot to make secrecy concerning the transaction a part of the stipulation, and Kibbie felt free to impart the story of her good fortune to whomsoever she pleased.

After his interview with the washer-woman, Clifford stopped a few minutes at Miss Tabby's, and then, accompanied by the magistrate, set out for the banking-house, which was situated in a town some twenty or thirty miles distant.

On their arrival, they found the banker in his private office, pale, haggard and careworn; so deeply changed from the hale, healthy man who had given in his evidence in the Kenilworth forgery case, that the magistrate scarcely recognized him. He rose up, and greeted them with a kind of nervous trepidation, placed them seats, and, after a few preliminary remarks, the magistrate opened his business.

"We have come, Mr. Osborne," he said, "to consult with you in regard to the late Kenilworth forgery case, in which you were the principal witness."

The banker started, turned pale, and made a tremulous gesture for him to go on.

"Recent revelations," continued the magistrate, "have given us strong reasons to believe, indeed, I may say, have convinced us beyond a doubt, that Horace Kenilworth, the young man who was convicted of the forgery on Mr. Hughes, and who is now confined in the State's prison, is not the legal criminal."

Again the banker started convulsively and grasped the corner of the table for support, and the magistrate went on:

"We are taking steps to establish his innocence, and to get a clue to the true criminal, and our object in calling upon you, Mr. Osborne, is to ascertain if, after mature reflection, you still adhere to your former testimony? In other words, if you still persist in identifying Horace Kenilworth as the man for whom you cashed the draft?"

"No, Sir—no, Sir, I do not," was the tremulous, but unhesitating answer.

Clifford and the magistrate looked at each other in astonishment.

"You do not?" continued the latter. "Pray, Sir, be good enough to inform us what has transpired to produce such a change in your convictions?"

"Nothing has transpired, Sir—nothing actual or circumstantial—but the feeling has grown upon me—I don't say that I feel perjured, Sir—the man who presented the draft on Mr. Hughes gave his name as Horace Kenilworth—looked like Horace Kenilworth—and when I gave in my testimony, I conscientiously believed the prisoner to be the man. But when his counsel put the question, if it might not have been the Attorney? and asked if I was able to distinguish between two such similar faces? a doubt sprung up within me; and it has been strengthening ever since, and has haunted me like a curse, and blighted and blasted my happiness, and brought me down to the verge of the grave, a premature old man. O, Sir, the calm face of that young man is forever before me, day and night, reproaching me for the wrong I have done him; and God knows I'd willingly lay down my life to repair it."

"Why, then, haven't you acknowledged your convictions, and retracted your testimony long ago?" asked the magistrate, sternly.

"O, Sir," exclaimed the poor man, painfully excited, "I couldn't get courage to begin—I thought the world would look upon me as a perjurer, and I didn't know how to turn it to the poor young man's advantage; but I've been exceedingly miserable."

"Are you willing," continued the magistrate, his voice softening with pity, "to retract your former testimony, and give the convict the benefit of your doubts?"

"Yes, Sir; yes, Sir," he answered, eagerly, "I'll do it not only willingly, but joyfully."

"Then, Mr. Kent, you'll oblige me by calling in a magistrate."

Clifford was about to obey, when the banker caught his arm, exclaiming:

"Remember, Sir, I don't mean to say it was the Attorney—I don't know who he was—I'm not sure of anything—I'll never again, God help me, trust my own eyes where the fate of a fellow being is at stake."

The magistrate bowed assent—Clifford went out, and soon returned with the requisite authorities; and, on his oath, the banker gave in his second testimony, or retraction rather, which was duly recorded, and, with the document in their possession, they went up to the hotel, where they put up for the night, and on the following morning made an early start for Rockville. It was somewhat before noon when they reached there, and, to their astonishment, they found the village in a state of intense excitement; men, women and children collected in groups on the corners, and before the doors, talking and gesticulating in a most amazing manner.

They were not long kept in ignorance of the all-absorbing topic, for no sooner had their horses' hoofs struck the pavement than a huge mechanic confronted them, eager to be the first to impart the strange intelligence.

"Your bird's escaped ye, gentlemen," he said, significantly, grasping Clifford's bridle-reins with his brawny hand; "ye'd better a' bought old Kibbie's tongue as well as her testimony, Mr. Kent, for she's spread the news far and near, and the Attorney's off as slick as a fox."

"What do you mean, Sir? Speak plainly," they both exclaimed at once.

"Mean? Why, jes this—old Kibbie blurted out everything she knowed the minnit ye turned yer backs—how she'd seen the Attorney at the school-house, and how he carried off the draft that Mr. Kent and the schoolmaster had writ; and how Mr. Kent had paid her two hundred dollars in gold for tellin' him, and swearin' to it before a magistrate—and that he said he'd have Horace Kenilworth out o' the penitentiary, and the Attorney in, in less than no time. The report flew from mouth to mouth, and folks added to it that Mr. Kent had gone off with the magistrate to see the banker; and after awhile the Attorney himself got wind of it, and put out last night in the midnight train."

Farther inquiry confirmed the mechanic's statement. The Attorney had, in truth, exemplified the Scripture assertion that "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." "Frighted at false fire," he had taken a stealthy flight, and thus given to the world a clear and unmistakable evidence of his criminality.

After having made the necessary arrangements for starting the officers of the law in pursuit of him, Clifford and the magistrate separated, with the understanding that they were to start for the Governor's country-seat early on the following morning. The former rode on to Miss Tabby's, but Mary was not there to welcome him—his sister was sick, said Miss Tabby, and Mary had gone up to stay with her; and, after having satisfied her curiosity concerning his interview with the banker, he turned his horse's head homewards.

Florence was not sick, only weak and drooping, like a tender flower upon whose head the summer heat has beat too fiercely. She lay on her couch, in her own chamber, happily unconscious of all the outer excitement, and Mary sat sewing beside her. Clifford found it difficult to restrain himself as he looked upon her pale face and shadowy form, and thought of all the pain of revealing all his plans and purposes; but Mary's watchful glance prevented him, and he forbore, though with great reluctance, until success should be beyond a doubt.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GOVERNOR.

Early the next morning, long before Florence and Mary had awoke, Clifford, unable to content himself with his father's ambling pony, mounted his mustang, and gathering the reins firmly in his uninjured hand, cantered down to the magistrate's office. Early as it was, that gentleman was awaiting him, with an impatience nearly equal to his own; and in a few moments they were skimming across the country, over dewy hills and grassy meadows, on their way to the Governor's mansion.

On their arrival, to their extreme vexation, they found the Executive absent. Important business had called him to a neighboring town, some twenty miles farther on. Thither, of course, they followed him, and drew up before his hotel, fatigued and travel-worn, just at the close of day.

The Governor admitted them with prompt civility, and, after a few commonplace courtesies, begged to know in what way he could be of service.

"We come, Sir," said the magistrate, "in behalf of Mr. Horace Kenilworth, who was, some eighteen months ago, tried and convicted of forgery, and sentenced to the State's prison for a term of ten years."

"And what of him, Sir?" asked the Governor, placidly.

"Sir," continued the magistrate, "we have come in the strong hope of obtaining from your Excellency a release for that unhappy young man."

The Governor looked up in astonishment.

"I regret very much," he said, blandly, "that it does not lie within my prerogative to grant your request. The pardoning, commuting and releasing power entrusted to the Executive is only to be exercised under certain conditions, which, you must know, Sir, do not attend the present case. The young man in question enjoyed the benefit of a fair trial, and was, under most convincing evidence, for I remember the case, legally condemned and sentenced. Therefore, my dear Sir, it is beyond my power to interfere."

"But, Sir," continued the magistrate, "is not one of the conditions of pardon, or of release, rather, an ascertained error in the verdict of the jury—as, for instance, when the verdict of 'guilty' has been pronounced against a man afterwards discovered to be innocent?"

"Assuredly, Sir, that is one of the most urgent reasons for the interference of the Executive."

"Then, Sir, that reason exists in the case of Mr. Kenilworth."

The Governor started to his feet in surprise.

"Sir? Do I understand you aright? Do you inform me that the young man is innocent?"

"As innocent as you or I," said the magistrate, impressively.

"Let me hear the particulars, if you please, Sir," urged the Governor, growing more and more excited.

The magistrate laid the washer-woman's testimony and the banker's retraction before him; and detailed with exceeding clearness every circumstance that had the least bearing on the case, dwelling with significant minuteness on the Attorney's sudden and stealthy departure. When he had finished, the Governor took up his pen with a sigh of infinite satisfaction.

"The testimony is beyond a doubt, Sir," he said, pleasantly, "the young man has been deeply injured, and the sooner we do him justice the better."

The magistrate made a profound obeisance, Clifford looked as if it cost him a terrible effort not to shout outright, and his Excellency proceeded to write out a document, which he sealed and handed to the magistrate, saying:

"This you will find all sufficient, I hope, Sir—and I beg that you will do me the favor to present my sincere congratulations to Mr. Kenilworth, and my best wishes for his future prosperity and happiness, which will, I trust, amply compensate him for past calamities."

Glad and exultant, they took their departure, and, although the stars were out, Clifford mounted his mustang and took the nearest cut across the country, to break the glad news to Florence, leaving the magistrate to start for the State's prison on the following morning.

Towards ten o'clock the next day, Clifford rode up to the farm-house gate, weary and travel-worn, his horse covered with dust and flecked with foam; threw himself from the saddle, hurried up to the porch and into the hall; and, heedless of his mother, who strove to detain him, cleared the stairway almost at a bound, and landed in Florence's chamber. She was sitting on a low seat by the window, her head resting against Mary's shoulder, looking almost unearthly in her fair and fragile loveliness.

"Florence, Florence," he shouted, "good news—good news! Horace is innocent—I've been down to the Governor's and got a release, and he'll be here by Monday evening."

She rose up and looked upon him with a blank, astonished gaze.

"Florence, Florence," he continued, unmindful of Mary's warning gesture, "don't you understand me? Horace's innocence has been proved—the Governor's granted a release, and the magistrate's gone to bring him home."

She uttered a low, thrilling cry, put out her arms towards him, and fell heavily forward. He caught her in his arms, and bore her to her couch, as white and still as a marble statue.

"There—I've killed her—I might have expected it, as weak as she was," he exclaimed, bitterly. "When I try to do good, it always turns out wrong somehow."

"You told her the good news a little too suddenly," said Mary, gently; "but never mind, she'll recover soon. Call Mrs. Kent, and send for the Doctor."

Clifford obeyed, and the old Doctor soon stood beside her. But Florence did not recover, as Mary had hoped; when animation returned, it was without reason; and evening found her under a severe attack of brain fever. It had been coming on for a long time, said the Doctor; the shock of Clifford's intelligence had only hastened the crisis. She had undergone a little too much—her nervous system was badly shattered—the effects of her terrible trial were just beginning to be developed—he feared her case would be critical.

So the chamber was darkened, and the household hushed into death-like silence, and Mrs. Kent and Mary moved about with noiseless steps and anxious faces. Clifford's anguish was almost like unto distraction. He paced the yard and gardens, galloped his mustang to and from the village; and once or twice was sorely tempted to seek for comfort at the Traveller's Rest; but his better nature and Mary's influence triumphed.

The old farmer, too, was in a state of painful suspense, and so was the entire community. Never before had a case of sickness excited such universal interest. All day long, and even through the night, messengers were passing to and from the village to hear of Florence's welfare; the old Doctor never left her bedside; and on Sabbath morning public prayers were offered for her recovery, not only in the Episcopal church, but in the little Methodist chapel. And perhaps they were accepted, for although the old Doctor despaired of her recovery, and she lay on her couch, still, and white, and unconscious, seemingly lifeless, but for her fluttering breath, still she did not die.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COMPENSATION.

Monday evening came; one of those soft, midsummer evenings, which stand apart from common time, isolated because of their unearthly brightness. The sky hung overhead blue and cloudless, except in the far northwest, where a great embattlement of billowy white uprose, sending out, at intervals, from its sleeping artillery, a low and dreamy murmur. The broad-disked sun, half-way between the zenith and the horizon, shot back a slanting plane of light, bathing the bosom of the mountain and the dimpling silver of the river, and cresting the oaks and the pine grove, and all the roofs and spires in the village, with yellow splendor.

The village itself presented a most imposing aspect. All the doors and windows along the front street were decorated with garlands and streamers; and over the arched gateway leading to Kenilworth Hall, a semicircular wreath, woven of every description of flowers and evergreens, was placed; and surmounting it was a large placard, bearing, in gilded letters, the following inscription:

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The little brown school-house was also arrayed as if for a festival. Garlands hung from the oak boughs, and streamers fluttered from the windows—and loitering before the door, and on the commons, were groups of children, all dressed out in holiday garments, as if in anticipation of some great event.

The county Court was again in session. All along the railings of the Court-green were clusters of carriages and rows of horses, the latter neighing joyously to each other, as if they too were conscious of some approaching happiness. A dense crowd thronged about the Court-house—the opulent citizens were there, placidly expectant; seedy teachers and officeless politicians collected in rejoicing groups; artisans and farmers expressed their satisfaction in boisterous laughter; and Ichabod and his followers, reinforced by the whole troop of vascillating sans culottes, surged and swelled on the outskirts in exultant joy.

At last, after a lapse of impatient expectation, far down the green lane, a closed carriage appeared in sight. Slowly it rolled onward, its windows blazing with the westward sunlight, and paused, just as it had done eighteen months before, in front of the Court-house.

The driver left his seat—the door swung open, and a pale and careworn, but intensely radiant face looked out. The multitude swayed and shivered, and then stood in breathless silence, like a great forest just before the outburst of the tempest.

The magistrate leaped out, and assisted the schoolmaster to alight. For a single moment after his feet had touched the springy turf, he stood like one bewildered; then he looked upward at the free, blue sky, and around him at all the familiar scenes of his boyhood, as one might look who, by some divine interposition, has suddenly and miraculously been called forth from the icy gloom of the grave and restored to all the sweetness and brightness of the living world; and then his eyes fell with tenderest recognition upon the multitude around him. They caught the glance, and from every heart and lip one great, rejoicing shout went up, startling the summer air, the mountains and the forest, into a thousand reduplicating echoes. But the schoolmaster could not speak—standing there, a free and vindicated man, amid the old friends and scenes of his boyhood, he could only thank God in silence, and grasp the hands that pressed forward to welcome him.

Clifford made his way through the excited crowd, and reached his side.

"Horace, Horace," he said, half-choking with emotion, "God knows, I'm glad to see you—but what in Heaven's name did you let 'em condemn you for, when you might so easily have established your innocence?"

The schoolmaster smiled, but did not answer. Clifford's face flushed, and for a moment the veins stood out in his forehead; but he soon became calm again, and said, pleasantly:

"It makes me half mad when I think of it. You thought I cashed that draft, Horace. A pretty opinion to have of an old friend, now wasn't it? But I must forgive you," he continued, his eyes filling with tears, "since you were noble and magnanimous enough to take the disgrace and punishment on yourself, rather than betray me—I must forgive you—come, we are good friends!"

The schoolmaster grasped his proffered hand, and, receiving happy welcomes on every side, they walked up to the Court-house together.

The officers who had been despatched after the Attorney had returned a few hours before, wholly unsuccessful, bringing no trace or tidings of the fugitive; and the Court was deliberating on the matter, when Clifford and the schoolmaster entered. Of course everything was suspended, for a moment or two, to give place to welcomes and congratulations—but, these over, the deliberations were resumed.

It would be well, suggested the Court, to offer a handsome reward for the arrest of the fugitive; no possible means should be spared to bring such a man to justice—for, in addition to the forgery, it had been satisfactorily proved that his claims to the Kenilworth estate were entirely groundless. He was an artful, deceiving villain; the Court must make every possible effort to prevent his escape. A handsome reward must be offered—placards posted up, and police put on the alert in every town and village.

The schoolmaster arose. Would the Court, he asked, hear him for a few moments? The Court granted him respectful audience. Then he begged that it would, in favor to himself let the matter rest. He thanked God and his kind friends that his innocence had been made manifest—that he stood there, before them, a free and vindicated man—but, from what he had heard, he thought there was no decided proof against his cousin. The washer-woman had testified to having seen him take possession of the draft; but who was ready to testify that he was really the man who endorsed and cashed it? To be sure, circumstances were strongly against him; and his sudden departure tended greatly to confirm convictions of his guilt; yet there existed no decided proof. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, and he thought his own case furnished them with a striking example of its fallibility. He hoped the Court, though its convictions might amount almost to certainty, would in no case lose sight of Justice, and let Mercy be its guide. His cousin was gone, and as all probability would never return again; and he hoped the Court would leave him in the hands of God. He would refund to Mr. Hughes the amount of the draft, and the circumstance, he sincerely hoped, would be forgiven and forgotten.

But the Court suggested, the Attorney had taken with him the principal part of the Kenilworth estate—all the available funds and ready cash, only leaving behind him the old Hall and its appurtenances. Justice to the lawful heir, already too long defrauded, demanded his arrest.

The schoolmaster thanked the Court for its thoughtfulness towards him; but if his cousin were present, he should confer upon him, as a deed of gift, every cent that he had taken; as for himself, he only wanted the old home of his forefathers—he would accept nothing else. Indeed, he was not sure that his cousin's claims to the estate were entirely illegal—as a son of his father's brother, his rights were parallel with his own. Perhaps his father had received his lawful equivalent, perhaps he had not—the evidence was, like that in the forgery case, wholly circumstantial, and, therefore, not to be trusted. And, even if it were otherwise, he should be a happier man, knowing that his cousin had received his full share, or even more than his share, of the ancestral patrimony. In conclusion, he thanked the Court for its kind indulgence, and if it, and his friends in general, had a kindly feeling for him, which he felt sure they had, he begged them not to embitter that first sweet hour of liberty, but to crown and consummate the happiness they had conferred upon him, by making no farther effort to secure his cousin's arrest.

The Court could only acquiesce. It was not in human nature to deny the request of such a man—standing there, where eighteen months before he had been condemned and sentenced; his face pale and haggard, his form attenuated; his hands worn and hardened, from the stifling gloom and weary labor of his late confinement, pleading, with a divine and touching earnestness, like unto Him who said of those who pierced and crucified him, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," for his mortal enemy. Justice put by his sword, and Mercy triumphed. The Court got over its duty as best it could, and left the Attorney to pursue his journey unmolested.

His mission of mercy ended, the schoolmaster went down to the seat of his former labors, stood for a moment or two beneath the rustling oak boughs, surrounded by a ring of happy children, and then joining Clifford, went up to the old farm-house. The nature of his emotions as he passed the gloomy jail, from which, a short time before, he had gone forth dishonored and disgraced; and walked along the margin of the river, and under the summer foliage, a free and vindicated man, may be more easily imagined than described—hence we pass it by.

Mrs. Kent met him in the porch—folded him to her bosom like a long lost son, and led the way to Florence's chamber. Doctor Pettengill stood at the head of the couch—the old farmer, Mary and Miss Tabby were ranged around it, all looking down with anxious eyes upon the pale young sufferer. They came forward as Hor

be in the centre. We might particularize further, but as the marks vary with the style of the back, it would be impossible to make the explanation intelligible to the reader.

Professional sharpers know where to obtain these advantage cards. Many have peculiar marks of their own, which they have the manufacturer to put upon the backs of the cards they order. The manufacturers of marked cards are at all times in league with the gamblers.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, October 22, 1862.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

There are feelings of regret at the course of much of the discussion now taking place in the triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church. There is, of course, much that is reasonable in those who claim for a Church open and earnest loyalty to the powers that be. Nor need there be any hesitation in acknowledging that the course of the Southern part of that venerable body has been in every respect censurable and uncanonical in their treatment of the Episcopal Church throughout the rest of the United States. It is also true that some of the expressions made use of by individuals in the Convention create not a little uneasiness at times. But on the other hand, to put off the official action, and let time do what healing it can, is a very different matter from sympathizing in rebellion. To avoid all those expressions even that might seem like prejudging particular cases in the absence of the accused, is the very best way of being sure of being heard when the time comes to speak. Anything which the present Convention may decide in absence of those interested or accused, and with their side unrepresented, will have no weight with those now in the South. All that is necessary to express the loyal feeling and position of the Church in the North to the United States Government may well be done, while more had better not now be attempted, and hardly will be.

If there were any probability of there being a division of the Union, there could be no doubt of the division of the Episcopal Church, so far as its Triennial Convention is concerned. It arose out of a national Church, i. e. the Church of England, and when the United States became independent, though then it had not a single Bishop of its own, it became independent, and afterwards had Bishops of its own consecrated. But in so doing it has not even severed its communion from the Church of England, and there is now a full ecclesiastical recognition of the officers and official acts of each by the other. There is not even any reason why, the national unity being fully restored, an ecclesiastical convention of the Southern Bishops and Bishopricks might not become distinct for some purposes, while yet the essential unity of the Church remained. It was even through the non-juring Bishops of the Church of Scotland that many desired, in preference to the Bishops of the Church of England, that the Episcopal succession should be obtained. Those Scotch Bishops, though in ecclesiastical unity, spiritually, were not subject to the control of the Church of England although the same King and Parliament governed the whole of Great Britain. The Episcopal Bishops of the different British Provinces have few if any regular conventions outside each of his own diocese, yet they fraternize with each other and with the Episcopal Church in this country.

Nothing final or decisive can be done in the present Convention that will, in the least degree, affect the South in her present temper, and, therefore, it is no use to take action under the exasperations of the present moment. At a future day the South will listen differently and the North will be better able to speak with effect. Nor ought it to be supposed that any indisposition to adopt extreme measures at once arises from any approval of the course of those who have in various ways and degress in the South, acted uncanonically and improperly.

Every Church, in all ages, has manifested a tendency, like the opening leaves of a flower, to grow apart, as to territorial divisions, as it increases in numbers, in religious teachers and local institutions of its own. But so long as it remains one in its principles and doctrines, these local divisions do not permanently affect its unity. It is like an open flower, united at the stem. It is schism and strife within the same localities, and conventions that are most to be dreaded. The separations which arise out of location, growth or extension, however painful at the moment, eventually lead to higher unity. In this case, while the rebellion may be the immediately exciting occasion of division, location is the more fundamental cause which, by preventing sufficient intercourse to promote sufficient fraternity and understanding among even religious men so widely separated, has allowed the bitter root of the rebellion to distract men from their ecclesiastical relations.

LAST RAID OF STUART'S CAVALRY.

No sooner do we, as a State, begin to feel easy that we have discharged our duty, or at least driven back the rebels from our own border, than a fresh raid calls for new exertions, and seems to show us that we have not been sufficiently in earnest, even to keep the rebellion in check. Whatever may be the political opinions of individuals, there can be no question but that an enemy who thus invades and desolates our State, must be met like the sons of Belial, "with the staff of a spear" and "fenced with iron." There can be no compromise now by the citizens of this State with traitors—not content to confine themselves within a defensive warfare, but laying waste our own borders, and plundering the horses and food of the farmers of our own State. It is clear that the Governor sent back the eighty thousand volunteers who so nobly tendered their services quite too soon, and while our forces have been dismissed, large bodies of rebel conscripts have been brought on from the South, and have probably made the army of General Lee almost as large, though not so brave, as before the battle of Antietam.

It is quite certain that the rebels are better posted up in regard to all our movements than we are to theirs. When our State troops returned, they knew it directly, and filled their ranks. John Clay, an Englishman, came on with bodies of these recruits, and the Richmond papers of the 8th state the fact that the main body was being pushed from Bunker's Hill up to Martinsburg. Here they lie, ready, if necessary, to meet Gen. McClellan's army, while their cavalry makes its raids.

It would even seem that they knew of General McClellan's absence. While he was in Philadelphia they entered Mercersburg. It is by no means certain but that they had rather anticipated that he would return by way of Harrisburg and Chambersburg. Had he done so he would have been just about arriving at Chambersburg when the rebels entered that place. To have made such a capture, would indeed have been a pretty haul.

When it comes to hard fighting, and especially long continued pounding, such as we have had at Corinth and in Kentucky, the pluck of our armies does wonders. But in generalship they always seem to have the best of it, getting all sorts of information and making the utmost possible use of it. *How* they get it, and how they use it, as they do with such celerity and success, is worthy of thought. It is clear that General Bragg in Kentucky knew just when and where to make his attack, singling out his corps singly at Perryville, although Buell by his superior strength and arrangements so completely overpowered the attack afterwards. It was the same at Corinth. Nothing could have been more dexterous, and a little more would have given the rebels Corinth. They did drive back our forces so that the Corinth House was captured and our line pierced almost hopelessly by the well planned dash, or rather successive dashes by which they had sought to carry their point. It was not until the second day by hard pounding that our brave soldiers gained that most critical but admirable of victories.

It is no use for us now to call out men simply to repel the invader from our soil. It is not Pennsylvania merely, but the entire North that has been invaded. The loyal Governors who met at Altoona, instead of speaking of an army *of reserve* of one hundred thousand men, should now, it seems to us, send forward, if they can, an extra army to join with Pennsylvania in pursuing them, without stopping, not only to the Potomac, but until the enemy is dispersed and not able to keep the field. General Lee has shown great rallying power to replenish his army as he has within a few days, and we, confident that victory was within reach, ceased too soon, and before victory was actually complete. Let us now muster a volunteer force from *all* the northern States, as much in earnest as those who rushed to Chambersburg and Hagerstown before, at the call of Governor Curtin, and Northern Virginia will soon be cleared forever of the rebels.

GETTING UNNECESSARILY EXCITED.—The Bermudians are getting quite indignant over the presence of Admiral Wilkes with his gunboat fleet in their waters, to stop the operations of the "neutrals" who are aiding and abetting rebellion by running our blockade. The Bermudians know that they are guilty of acts illegal and dishonorable as neutrals, and hence they cannot abide the presence of Admiral Wilkes, as the professional thief cannot endure the continual surveillance of the police officer. The thief would never think, however, of making this surveillance the subject of remonstrance to the Government as the Bermudians threaten to do to theirs. If they were not doing something they know to be dishonorable, they would not make a fuss about a fleet of foreign vessels in their harbor. We have English and French war vessels in our waters in unusual numbers, but do not think it worthy of any special notice.

PRESERVING THE GOVERNMENT.

The right and duty of bearing arms to support lawful government and put down rebellion is not often openly questioned in these days; and many of those who profess to have conscientious scruples on this subject do so as a mere pretext. Indeed the other day a man who had long been a member of a military company, suddenly pleaded conscientious scruples when likely to be called upon to go into the field. But there are some who say but little yet deeply feel conscientious doubts as to the lawfulness of war on any occasion, regarding all fighting as expressly forbidden by the direct command of the Saviour. The Society of Friends, most loyal in heart to the Government, have yet many of them the most decided scruples on this point. Many other excellent men have doubts on this subject. Nor can there be any doubt but that nine-tenths of the wars that desolate the world are wholesale murders. No war can ever take place without a great violation of right on one side, and generally on both.

Still the case is very different in a case like he present, which is no offensive war, but the defence of the whole institution of that civil government which is the source of protection and prosperity to millions. Civil government is a Divine institution, a representative of the Divine government among men. It is ordained for "the punishment of evil doers and for the praise of them that do well," and the magistrate is commanded therefore not to bear" *the sword* in vain." Such certainly is the doctrine of Christianity. Now the question is whether we shall have civil government lawfully and unquestionably appointed, or suffer it to be overturned by a band of armed robbers, with Jefferson Davis at their head—whether we shall permit General Lee or the Stuart cavalry to lay waste our fairest farms, steal the horses, plunder the citizens, and subsist by murder and rapine. If there is such a thing as civil government appointed for man on earth, it must have not only rights but *duties*, the duty of maintaining its own existence, in order that it may fulfil the further duty of protecting the rights, lives and properties of all the citizens. Christianity does indeed teach the citizen not to retaliate his own private injuries, but to suffer rather than revenge wrong, and strive to overcome it with good, because he has already as a good citizen committed the task of redressing his wrongs and protecting him to the State, as a divine institution, ordained of God for this very purpose. But that makes it the duty of the State or Government clothed with this peculiar office to protect every citizen and punish all rebels and marauders. It is the duty of Government then to gather sufficient force to protect all who have a right to claim its protection. If not, the wives and children would be without any legal and right protection at all.

Indeed, so strong is this great natural duty of protecting the feeble from force and violence, that if the government fails to afford it, the right and duty reverts to each individual man to protect both himself and his wife and little ones. When as religious teachers Jesus sent out his disciples, travelling in the day time, he told them not to take sword, or purse or scrip. But did it never occur to those who plead this against bearing arms, that *after* this he expressly revoked that language, and in Luke, 22.37, commanded him who had "no sword to sell his garment and buy one." That is to say, when he was going out from the city of Jerusalem toward Bethany in the night, on a road liable to be infested by robber bands, or where he might be set upon by a mob, he, as a master of the twelve, authorized the carrying of arms for protection. Afterwards when it was found that the assailants were commissioned by the constituted authorities, he healed the wound occasioned by one of the weapons and commanded the sheathing of the weapons.

It will be said, probably, that no such *literal* interpretation of the words of Jesus had been by him intended. Possibly, though not certainly. But at least the *spirit* of the remark shows that self-defence against unlawful and unauthorized violence was not intended to be forbidden. But if the citizen ever *may* defend himself and his family, it is the *duty* of the Government to attend continually to this very thing. In this country, every citizen takes a more direct part in the Government than in most others; and, certainly, if the Government has a rightful authority to call upon men to take up arms for the protection of men, women and children from robbery and murder, or worse, it must be the duty of all good citizens cheerfully and ardently to sustain the Government. This could not be done if all good men were conscientiously to object to taking up arms. Those who take up the sword against civil government (as Peter had done against the officer of the High Priest), are, indeed, to perish by the sword; but this could only occur through bad men if the civil Government could not call upon good Christians to sustain its authority by bearing arms.

AMATEUR FRUIT.

No season has ever rewarded so well the labors of those who have undertaken the culture of fruit, and especially of the finest kinds, as the present. We do not mean pecuniarily, but in fruit. The culture of fruit as a business is affected by other things than the seasons, but the cultivation of it as opportunity offers as a recreation has its own utilities and enjoyments. No doubt any man can go into the market and buy fine grapes and peaches and pears more cheaply than he can raise them, if in order to do it he has to keep a gardener and sustain all the expenses of a hothouse. But many gentlemen have a natural love of gardening, and need the exercise and recreation in the open air that raising a little fruit as an amateur requires. It is this sort of fruit-raising which calls out the highest skill and the most novel and successful experiments. If a man has a yard only as large as a table let him by all means raise a Delaware or Diana vine, and if he give it rich manure and keep down the wood, it will be a source of enjoyment and of health such as no bought grapes can supply the place of. Improvements have been going on during the last few years in every kind of fruit so great that even in the open air a man can arrange to have a succession of grapes fresh for nearly three months in the year and peaches two. The old Isabella and Catawba, which ten years ago were alone relied on, are now becoming quite old-fashioned. If a man have not even an inch of land, but a piazza with a Southern aspect, and will but enclose it with glass, he may cultivate vines in hanging baskets that will yield him sixteen to twenty bushels each of the largest size and finest flavor, or dwarf pears or the finest peaches, without any trouble worth considering. All the greatest improvements have sprung from the system of amateur culture in the widest sense of the word, and the mental qualities called into existence are of the most beneficial character.

There is a boundless scope for *skill*, that is for knowledge, taste and judgment in every thing connected with the culture of fruit. Indeed, in a garden, the conception is everything. It is the embodiment of an idea. The greatest and most profound of the old English essayist has even considered it so deep a matter of study that he has written an essay on this subject at length, so philosophically, that, though penned two hundred and fifty years ago, it reads as freshly as if written yesterday. It need not be said that industry is called out by a garden and fruit trees. It is a fine occupation for the odds and ends of time. It can utilize the scraps of life when man is worn out for everything else. The weeds are always growing and the worms want ferreting out, and the fruit picking up as it falls, and watching till it ripens. And it calls out patience as well as industry. Fruit trees will not be hurried, and the fruit need watching and picking at the right moment. It must be pruned and tended at its own season. Nothing requires so much of the forbearing use of power as the production of first-rate peaches and first-rate grapes.

But, then, this culture has its rewards. Every exertion in this direction improves the fruit of all coming time. It gives not only an increased value to every spot of ground thus cultivated, but an attachment to place which anchors a family most usefully, profitably and thrivingly to one locality. Milton well represents Eve's chief difficulty in leaving Eden to be forsaking the trees and flowers she has tended. Happy they whose hearts are thus bound to a fixed locality by the strong, entwining tendrils of vines and all other fruits and flowers. The peculiar value of this form of recreation is that it brings the soul into communion with nature and thus with nature's God. It renders the open air attractive beyond the crowded dance. It opens up new laws of nature daily, new thoughts of the great Creator and proofs of his thoughts for us. And it can be carried on upon any scale, according to the means and the time and attention and tastes of him who engages thus in the work of improvement, while the reward, being most munificently in proportion to industry and skill actually bestowed, comes as a reward from the bountiful, all-wise Giver, liberally repaying man for delighting in his own works.

HOW HE CATCHES THEM.—Semmes, the pirate captain of the rebel steamer Alabama, when he takes a ship holds on to her till night, and then sets her on fire. The light of the burning ship attracts every other ship in sight to rescue a number of poor fellows from destruction. Semmes keeps in the immediate vicinity, awaiting the prey that is sure to come, and the next morning the poor fellows who have, to serve the cause of humanity, gone many miles out of their course, find themselves under the guns of the Alabama, with the certainty that, before another twenty-four hours, they will share the fate of the ship they came to serve. This plan will enable him to destroy an immenge amount of property without much cruising.

THE TIME OF THE RAID.—The press correspondents are reporting that Stuart, in his late raid, rode ninety miles in twenty-four hours. This is ridiculous. The rebels crossed the river on Friday morning, and did not recross till Sunday evening, being sixty hours on their raid.

WAR ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

Drafting in Boston has ceased, the Councils having raised the volunteer bounty to $200.

Gen. Schofield has left Cassville, Mo., and is moving toward the Arkansas line.

The French gunboat Lavoisier has arrived at New York.

Accounts, not from newspaper sources, says there is less inclination in Europe to recognize the rebellion since the battle of Antietam.

Governor Curtin has issued an order permitting men drafted in the State to volunteer for the three years' service.

Lexington, Ky., has been occupied by our troops. Gen. Bragg, with 40,000 men, is at Crab Orchard.

The Santa Fe mail has arrived at Kansas city. A party of nine gold seekers had been murdered by the Indians at Apache Pass.

One hundred and ninety rebel prisoners have arrived at Fortress Monroe, on their way to be exchanged.

Our cavalry has made a reconnoisance into Ballard county, Kentucky, and captured five prisoners, besides horses and mules.

A rebel force 7,000 strong is reported to be at Pocahontas, Ark., under McBride. Holmes and Hindman threaten Helena, but it is not thought that they can do any damage.

General C. T. James, known as the inventor of improved ordnance and projectiles, died yesterday from the effects of a wounds received the previous day from the explosion of a shell, during a trial of the gun.

By an order issued, General Grant commands the Department of the Tennessee, to consist of that portion of Kentucky and Tennessee west of the Tennessee river, and including Cairo and Forts Henry and Donelson.

The rebel force which robbed the steamer Hazel Dell is estimated at 2,000. Three colonels were in command. They threaten to burn all boats that may fall into their hands after next month.

The rebels are still at work stopping vessels and seizing goods on the Ohio river. They were encamped on Tuesday night, four miles from Caseyville, but a force has started in pursuit of them. A steamer with artillery is also after them. The mail stolen from the Hazel Dell has been recovered.

On Saturday, a battalion of the 2d Wisconsin cavalry started out from Helena on a reconnoissance, were attacked and driven back by a superior force, which was routed in its turn by Union reinforcements.

Official despatches received at Louisville on Thursday from Nashville state that the rebels were in large force near that city on the 11th. They sent a flag of truce demanding the surrender of the town. General Negley declined. The Union force was ample for the defence. Governor Harris, Major-General J. R. Anderson and Brigadier-General Forrest are in command of the rebels.

Reports are afloat in Louisville that rebel Humphrey Marshall is retreating south, closely pursued by General Smith. A number of rebel stragglers have come into Richmond, Kentucky. They admit a severe defeat. Heavy firing was heard at Lexington all day yesterday, indicating a retreat of the enemy and pursuit by our forces. The rebel Morgan's band has been divided, and they are vainly trying to concentrate.

A very important reconnoissance was made on the 16th instant, by a portion of the army of the Potomac, in the direction of Winchester. General Hancock's division took the road to Charlestown, Va., and drove in the rebel pickets until they came within a mile and a half of that place, when the line of battle was formed. The rebels planted artillery on each side of and raking the road. One of our batteries was brought up, and an artillery fight was commenced, lasting two hours, when the enemy ran, and our forces occupied the town. All the rebel sick and wounded were left. An advance was made beyond the town, but was unattended with any result. The citizens took the occupation as a matter of course.

Among the facts developed by the inquiries recently made by the Military Commission, of which Gen. Hunter is Chairman, is the strange one that not a single rebel was wounded, or in any manner injured, during the so-called defence of Harper's Ferry. Our artillery, under Col. Ford, appears to have been handled with especial desire that there should be "nobody hurt."

One of the arrows discharged by the Indians in the recent massacre at Madelia was taken from the body of one of the victims on the day after the fatal occurrence. The arrow penetrated through the heart to the depth of twelve inches. The Indians discharge these instruments with wonderful accuracy and terrible effect. Instances were seen of their having gone entirely through the body.

On Thursday morning, when the advance upon Charlestown was made by Gen. Hancock, the division of Gen. Woodbury also crossed the Potomac in the vicinity of Sheppardstown, and advanced toward Smithfield, a small village between Charlestown and Bunker Hill, near which point the enemy were ascertained to be in strong force. A battle is expected to take place in the vicinity before many days.

Gen. Curtis, at St. Louis, has received papers and despatches from Little Rock, Ark., up to the 7th inst. They state Holmes to be at that place with considerable force; Hindman at Duvall's Bluff, on White River, while Parsons was moving North toward Missouri, with several thousand men, probably to join Steen and McBride, the latter being either near Pocahontas or moving upon Pilot Knob. Abundant preparation is being made for these parties. Gen. Steel's and Osterhaus' Divisions of the Union army are moving, and Gen. Carr remains at Helena with two divisions to guard that point. The army of the frontier, under Gen. Schofield, is at Cassville and vicinity, and the enemy has retreated beyond the Missouri line. Telegraphic communication is complete to Cassville, and Gen. Curtis is using the wire direct to Gen. Schofield's tent. All the troops are in good health and spirits.

Southern dates of the 9th, by way of Grenada and Memphis have nothing new in relation to the late battles or army movements. The Grenada Appeal fears that immense armies will be hurled at once into Mississippi and sweep the State. It thinks Bragg's defeat probable, and urges the State authorities to assemble the entire militia force to meet the marauders. It admits a rebel loss of five thousand in the late battles. Guerrillas are actively engaged near Memphis burning cotton on its way thither. Col. John Forsyth, of Mobile, reported killed, is not dead, but a prisoner on parole.

Another great battle was fought in Kentucky on Wednesday, between Lexington and Richmond, in which the rebels under Kirby Smith, are said to have been completely repulsed, flying in disorder, and throwing away their arms. The fight is said to have lasted from six o'clock in the morning till eleven at night. We captured a large quantity of cattle and stores, and took a great many prisoners. Numbers of the enemy, without arms, arrived in Richmond during the night, evidently fugitives from the battle field. It was reported at Louisville that General Buel had passed through Crab Orchard at eleven o'clock, and must have been close on the rear of Bragg's army.

We have advices from New Orleans to the 7th by the steamship Potomac. An expedition went up the river to Donaldsonville on the 1st, to take possession of a lot of cattle which had been sent from Texas for the rebels. The gunboats Sciota, Itasca and Kineo, had, however, already got hold of them, numbering in all 1,600 fine beeves. While passing down the river with this welcome freight, a rebel battery about three miles below Donaldsonville opened fire on the boats. The Sciota was repeatedly struck, and Lieutenant Swacey killed, as were also several men on the boats. After doing all the damage possible to the flotilla, the rebels abandoned this battery.

A Massachusetts printer, in the recent battles, writes as follows. In reading these epistles, we have more and more occasion to be grateful that, unlike the Border States, our people are not in the midst of these battle scenes:

"When we halt for the night, many of the men run to the neighboring houses in search of bread, pies, cakes, apples, or, indeed, anything which they do not get in camp. I brought but little money with me, so that I have spent but little in that way. The men take anything that they want in the shape of apples, peaches, potatoes, &c., which they find in the fields on the march along. When we encamp, all the fences within a mile of the camp are used to build fires, so that when we leave there is not a fence to be seen in the neighborhood. We now drill four or five hours a day. Sunday we have nothing but evening parade, and service by the chaplain. We wash our shirts once a week and go with only our blouse on while they are drying, and in this way we manage to keep clean. While we lay in the woods after dark the firing of musketry was very severe. We lay flat on our backs to avoid the balls, only rising on one elbow to fire. The rebels were only about two hundred yards off, on the opposite side of the open field, and the bullets flew around us like hail. I had twigs cut off within an inch on every side of me, but was not touched myself. I had rather peculiar feelings when we were forming in the cornfield, and when I saw a man fall by my side; when the bullets first began to fly, I felt a little skittish, and sometimes turned my head or stooped a little as a bullet went by within an inch of my ear; but after a while I did not mind it so much, and, I do not know whether you will believe it or not, but in the two battles in which we have been engaged, I have not felt the least like running away, nor has the idea ever entered my head that the bullet was moulded which was to kill me. After the battle of South Mountain, or rather the next morning, I went over the field to see the dead and wounded. I saw sights which would at other times have started a cold sweat on me, but in this case did not even move me. I counted nearly fifty dead and dying rebels within a space of a quarter of an acre, in another place eighteen in a space not larger than our cellar kitchen; thus the whole field was covered. Yet we laid down to sleep that night with these all about us. There were dead and dying men within two hundred feet of me, calling for water and for something to eat, and yet I smoked my pipe and slept as soundly as I ever did in my life."

Remarkable Letter from General Scott.

WHAT HE PROPHESIED.

At the great Democratic meeting in New York, on Monday night, John Van Buren made a speech, in which he introduced the following letter from General Scott, written at the beginning of Mr. Lincoln's Administration. Mr. Van Buren said:

On the 3d of March President Lincoln, on the day before he was to be sworn into office, found himself in Washington, having reached it in disguise—(laughter)—covered with a Scotch cap and a long plaid cloak—(great laughter.) For the first time in the history of the country the President found himself at the seat of Government in danger, and it was through the active exercise of great discretion by General Scott and General Wool, that he was enabled even to take the oath. On the third day of March, as he was about entering upon the duties, and before he took the oath, a letter was addressed to him, which I now propose to read to you. I ask you to note particularly the wonderful spirit of prophecy, the extraordinary judgment, and the unquestionable patriotism that animates every word and line of this letter.

GENERAL SCOTT'S PROPHECY.

WASHINGTON, March 2, 1861.

DEAR SIR:—Hoping that in a day or two the new President will have happily passed through all personal dangers, and find himself installed an honored successor of the great Washington, with you as the chief of his cabinet, I beg leave to repeat, in writing, what I have before said to you orally—this supplement to my printed "views" (dated in October last)—on the highly disordered condition of our (so late) happy and glorious Union. To meet the extraordinary exigencies of the time, it seems to me that I am guilty of no arrogance in limiting the President's field of selection to one of the four plans of procedure subjoined:

I. Throw off the old and assume a new designation—the Union Party. Adopt the conciliatory measures proposed by Mr. Crittenden or the Peace Convention, and my life upon it we shall have no new case of secession; but on the contrary, an early return of many, if not all of the States which have already broken off from the Union. Without some equally benign measure, the remaining slaveholding States will probably join the Montgomery confederacy in less than sixty days; when this city, being included in a foreign country, would require a permanent garrison of at least thirty-five thousand troops to protect the government within it.

II. Collect the duties on foreign goods outside the ports of which the Government has lost the command, or close such ports by act of Congress, and blockade them.

III. Conquer the seceded States by invading armies. No doubt this might be done in two or three years by a young and able General—a Wolfe, a Desaix, or a Hoche—with 300,000 disciplined men, estimating a third for garrisons, and the loss of a greater number by skirmishes, sieges, battles, and southern fevers. The incidental destruction of life and property on the other side would be frightful, however perfect the moral discipline of the invader.

The conquest completed at that enormous waste of human life to the North and Northwest—with at least $250,000,000 added thereto! and *cui bono?* Fifteen degraded provinces not to be brought into harmony with their conquerors, but to be held for generations by heavy garrisons, at an expense quadruple the nett duties or taxes it would be possible to extort from them, followed by a protector or an emperor.

IV. Say to the seceded States—wayward sisters, depart in peace.

In haste, I remain, very truly yours,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Hon. WM. H. SEWARD, &c., &c

The War in Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 19.—Yesterday the rebel Morgan, after capturing our pickets, dashed into Lexington at the head of 1500 men. Before surrendering, our troops fought him gallantly, killing and wounding several. Our loss was 6 killed and 125 prisoners, who were immediately paroled. Of our cavalry, 250 succeeded in escaping.

Morgan soon afterwards left Lexington, taking the Versailles turnpike. To-day, when between Versailles and Frankfort, Morgan was suddenly met by about 2 500 of Gen. Dumont's cavalry, who, after a short fight, routed him, scattering his forces. One report says he was driven across the Kentucky river, in the direction of Lawrenceburg. Another report is that he is endeavoring to unite with Humphrey Marshall, who is near Sharpsburg.

An attack from Marshall is looked for at Paris.

Lexington is again in the possession of our troops.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 19—Midnight.—The rebel John Morgan left Lexington with his forces yesterday evening, passing through Versailles, thence through Lawrenceburg at daylight, and was at Bloomfield at 2 o'clock this afternoon. General Dumont is in pursuit. There has been no fight between General Dumont and Morgan.

Gen. Buell is reported just south of Mount Vernon. Gen. Crittenden's army corps is still further south, in pursuit of Gen. Bragg's rebel army. It is supposed that the rebels are aiming to cross into Tennessee by Big Creek and Wilson's Creek Gaps. Gen. Buell is in close pursuit, and it is believed here that he will force the rebels to a fight, or capture a large portion of them before they reach Cumberland Gap.

The Perryville fight at Chaplin Hills was brought on prematurely, and against the orders of Gen. Buell, whose plans for enveloping the whole of Bragg's army was thwarted and his pursuit of the rebels delayed by that circumstance.

From Gen. McClellan's Army.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, October 18, 1862.

The troops under Generals Hancock and Humphreys, who left on Thursday morning to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Winchester, returned after arriving at Smithfield, five miles from Bunker Hill. None of the enemy interfered with the return of General Hancock's command. With General Humphrey's command it was different. They followed him with cavalry and artillery within a short distance of Shepherdstown, and opened with the latter whenever they could get within range. Our loss was one killed and six wounded

The troops safely recrossed at Shepherdstown ford, last evening, bringing with them a number of prisoners.

The rebel wounded, numbering 100, left at Charlestown, were brought within our lines, yesterday forenoon, where they will be paroled.

The rebels had between 40 and 50 killed and wounded, on Thursday, while disputing the advance of Gen. Humphrey's troops.

On the recommendation of Dr. Letterman, Medical Director of the Army, a Medical Board, consisting of Surgeon George Suckler and Surgeon Pino, U. S. Volunteers, and Assistant Surgeon Wellson, U. S. Army, has been ordered to convene for examination of such medical officers as may be ordered before it. All Surgeons about whose capacity any doubt exists will be compelled to undergo an examination, in order to rid the army of all unskillful Surgeons.

The War in Missouri.

CAIRO, Oct. 18.—Capt. Sperry, commanding at Bird's Point, has just returned from a scouting expedition. He reports the rebels to be very active in Mississippi county, Mo., and that the secession inhabitants of the surrounding neighborhood are flocking into the rebel camp at Little River Ferry, twenty miles from New Madrid, in large numbers. The rebel force in that vicinity is from 1000 to 1500.

CAIRO, Oct. 18.—General Price is said to be gathering a large number of troops at Holly Springs, Miss., the view of attacking some point on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

There is a rumor here, which is apparently not well authenticated, that an attack has been made by the rebels on the Union troops at Island No. 10. No boat has arrived from Memphis for three days, and trouble is feared on the river.

Reconnoissance of Gen. Stahl—100 Rebels Captured.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—Gen. Stahl started on a reconnoissance to Aldie and its vicinity on Wednesday, returning on Friday evening. He captured about 100 prisoners on the way, and drove a party of the enemy through Thoroughfare Gap on Thursday, having encamped at White Plains on Wednesday night.

A train of five wagons, loaded with provisions and forage, sent from Centreville to Gen. Stahl, was captured near New Market by a party of North Carolina cavalry on Thursday.

The rebels are running trains to Bristow Station.

Reports are continually coming into General Sigel's head-quarters from deserters that large parties of rebels are retiring from Winchester.

Important from Western Virginia.

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, Oct. 18.—Rev Mr. Woodhull, chaplain of the Fourth Virginia Volunteers, recently a prisoner, released by the rebels a few days since, reached Point Pleasant today, having walked all the way from Charleston, on the Kanawha.

He reports that all the rebel infantry and artillery have left Western Virginia, after having secured large quantities of salt from the wells in the valley.

It is conjectured that they have gone to East Tennessee, to reinforce General Bragg.

There are no rebels now in the valley except Col. Jenkins' guerrillas.

Occupation of Jacksonville, Florida.

CAPTURE OF THE REBEL STEAMER GOV. MILTON.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—A letter from Jacksonville, Fla., states that on the arrival there of Gen. Brannan on the 6th inst., the town was found nearly decerted. It was occupied by the 7th Connecticut regiment.

The rebel steamer Gov. Milton was captured by an expedition up the river.

The guns and ammunition captured at the taking of the river batteries, and also a large number of contrabands, who fled to our lines, had been sent to Hilton Head. Gen. Brannan and his force had also returned, the gunboats being depended on to keep possession of the river.

Rebel Raid in Kansas.

SHAWNEETOWN PARTLY DESTROYED.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 18.—Reliable information states that Quantrelle, with 200 men, made a raid on Shawneetown, Kansas, last night, burning the greater portion of the town, killing nine citizens, and carrying off all the horses he could find. He passed Little Santa Fe, Mo., last evening, about 7 o'clock, on his way to Kansas, returning from the same direction at 5 o'clock this morning. Considerable excitement prevails here.

The Raid on Chambersburg—$250,000 Worth of Property Destroyed.

The following is a very interesting account of the doings of the rebels at Chambersburg, contained in a private letter from a lady of that town to a relative in Pittsburg:

CHAMBERSBURG, Oct. 12, 1862.

DEAR M.—How shall I begin to tell you of all that has taken place within the last two days? Friday evening was dark and rainy, when Mrs. N. came running in, saying, "The rebels are in Campbellstown." We laughed at her, of course, and she started off *mad*. An hour afterwards, Mrs. D., Mr. E. and myself were sitting talking, when M. came rushing in, out of breath, saying, "The rebels are on the Court-house pavement." You cannot imagine how we felt, still we did not believe it. Mr. E. ran down the street, and some one said, "It is our men, don't you see Shannon Taylor with them;" but it happened he was one who went out to see if there was any truth in the rumor, and met them coming down New England Hill with a flag of truce. They asked to see some of our town officers, and were brought to Judge Kimmel's office, who was Provost Marshal. Our Home Guard had been called out to meet them, but did not get further than the Diamond. The rebels at once demanded the surrender of the town, said they had 1500 men and six pieces of cannon, and gave but thirty minutes to decide. It was then put to vote—*surrender* or *not?* Loud cries of "No! no! never!" were heard all around, when Kimmel rode out and said, "We had no way to defend ourselves; they had cannon planted to shell the town, and all who were in favor of surrendering should go towards his office," and *everybody* went. Judge Kimmel, Col. A. K. McClure, and T. B. Kennedy, Esq., then went above the gate house to meet General Stuart and agree upon terms of surrender.

We demanded protection of private property, protection of families and that the men should be respected. They hesitated a few moments, when the order went along their lines twice that any man who violated any of these terms should be shot. This all did not require an hour, when the whole force, about two thousand, came into Market street, nearly every one leading one or two horses they had stolen since they came into Pennsylvania. They had Perry Rice and three or four others from Hagerstown as prisoners. After going up and down Market street they went through all the alleys, breaking open stables, and taking the horses; a good many persons had theirs shipped out of town the back way. They seemed to have some one with them that knew who kept good horses, as Dr. A.'s and others were generally comfortable. The next morning they took his *ten fine* horses, and left him *nine*, which the Colonel says would have to lean against a fence to stand up. I cannot say how many horses they got altogether, but they brought in over 150 between this and Fayetteville. The first thing many of the farmers knew was their five or six horses led out of their stables. They took all of Isaac Hutton's shoes, but did not disturb any of the others, as they got at one of the warehouses a car load of Government clothing. Some had their horses loaded with shirts, drawers, pantaloons, &c., and nearly all had new overcoats and hats on.

You may imagine how our men felt to see them riding round with these things on, when they dare not say a word. The next morning they were very *civil* through town. About nine o'clock, word came that they had fired the machine shops, depot and warehouses of the Valley Railroad. You may imagine our feelings when we knew Wunderlich's was filled with ammunition—much of it being shells. The first explosion was very loud, but the shells did not do as much mischief as was expected. They continued to burst and fly around all day, some in the Diamond and away up Main street. The rebels stayed until all the buildings were so much on fire that it could not be put out, when, much to our satisfaction, they quietly went off to the South Mountain, stealing all they wanted by the way. The depot, Wunderlich & Head's two warehouses, all the machine shops, with three locomotives, and Grier & Miller's stables, were all burned; also that were entirely destroyed. Weist & Grove's stables, in the middle of the town, took fire from a shell, and were burned down. I think we should be very thankful for that night's heavy *rain*. Had it been as dry as it had been for a month, our town could hardly have been saved.

The entire loss in buildings, horses, &c., is estimated at $2-0,000. This morning, when our worst danger was over, they sent 2.000 infantry from Hagerstown to protect us. The cavalry they sent across the mountains to head them. It is rumored they have done so, but I don't believe it. They crossed over here at a narrow gap in Blue's Mountain, about 10 miles distant, and which no one had ever thought of. One of our divisions was only half an hour behind them at that place. The men say they have been in many a tighter place than this, and Stuart has always got them out safely, and they are not afraid now but they will get back all right. I have no doubt we were all relieved than we did, as it came so suddenly we had not time to be frightened, or rather panic stricken, as we were before. I heard some one say, they never felt before as they did when the rebels went up and brought the flag down off the depot, came in making fun of it, and then using it for a towel. Friday night the rebels sent all our men off the streets to their homes, and many of them say they slept soundly just from pure chagrin and mortification, but the women were too mad to sleep, to think we had to surrender, and there was no no way to help ourselves. I was at the window several times during the night, and do not think the town was ever more quiet.

Baltimore has not brought their silver back from New York since "the panic," a month ago. We would have written yesterday, but had no car up until to-day. I know how anxious you must have been to be at home, but we would rather have been with you in Pittsburg.

Affectionately yours, J.

The Rebel Pirate Alabama and her Ravages at Sea.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—The ship Brilliant, of New York, bound from New York to London, was captured and burned on Oct. 3d, in lat. 40, lon. 50, by the pirate Alabama. The ship Emily Farnham, of Portsmouth, N. H., from New York for Liverpool, was captured at the same time, but released, it having been proven by documents aboard that her cargo was on English account.

Captain Hager and crew arrived here, in the brig Golden Lead. On which, also, arrived the captains and crews of the whaling barks Virginia and Elisha Dunbar, of New Bedford, captured and burned by the Alabama. The officers and men of three vessels burned were paroled and transferred to the Emily Farnham, which put them aboard the Golden Lead, on the 6th inst.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—In consequence of the information brought by Capt. Hagar, late of the ship Brilliant, captured and burned by the rebel pirate Alabama, or "290," the Board of Underwriters have advanced the war risks for vessels sailing in the track of the Alabama to five per cent. Capt. Hagar reports that another ship was in sight when the Brilliant was burning, working up towards the wreck, probably with the hope of saving life; and as another light was seen that night, it is presumed that she also was burned.

The Golden Lead only brought eight of the crews of the burned ships, the rest, 60 in number, would be put aboard other vessels fallen in with by the Emily Farnham.

The ship Brilliant was built at East Boston, and, with freight and outfit, was valued at $80,000. She was owned by J. Atkins & Co., of New York, and Capt. Hagan, all of whose property was in her.

The following is a correct list of the vessels destroyed by the rebel Pirate Alabama: Ships Brilliant, Ocmulgee, and Benj. Sucker; barks Virginia, Elisha Dunbar, and Ocean Rover; brig Altamaha; schooners Courser, Weather

ARMY AND NAVY.

THE steam sloop-of-war Mohican went into commission last week, at the Navy Yard. The following is a list of her officers: Captain, Charles L. Glisson; Lieut. Commanding and Executive Officer, Bancroft Gherardi; Lieutenant, R. K. Duer; Surgeon, E. F. Corson; Assistant Paymaster, James Hoy, Jr.; Acting Master, R. B. Ely; Acting Ensigns, A. F. Holmes, A. D. Campbell; Chief Engineer, George W. Holloway; Second Assistant Engineers, John Lardner, C. E. Weever; Third do. do., James Buckley, John Crawford, Joshua W. Buck; Acting Boatswain, Geo. C. Abbott; Gunner, James Hutchinson; Acting Master's Mates, Julian S. Reynolds, W. F. Veltman, G. S. Ford, E. N. Snow; Captain's Clerk, O. L. Glisson, Jr.; Paymaster's Clerk, W. Pier de Behrens; Surgeon's Steward, Thos. H. Smart; Yeoman, John M. Dickerson.

The Mohican's battery consists of two 11-inch, one 100 rifled Parrott, and four long 32's. She will sail in a week or ten days—destination unknown.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, October 22, 1862.

TERMS

Of Subscription to the Dollar Newspaper.

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE:

To Single Subscribers, one year	$1 00
Club of Six	5 00
Club of Thirteen	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to the getter up of the Club	15 00
Club of Thirty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	25 00
Club of Fifty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	40 00
Club of Eighty, and one to the getter up of the Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to the getter up of the Club	75 00

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at Twenty-five Cents a line, each insertion.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"THE REBELLION" is very well in sentiment, but is hardly as good poetry as we desire.

"THE SEA SHELL," by W. G. S., we have mislaid for publication.

ANOTHER NEW STORY.

We take pleasure in announcing to the readers of "The Dollar Newspaper," another new novelette, entitled "THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE." It is a deeply interesting story, in our opinion, not only one of the very best published in the "Newspaper" for a year past, but one of the best that we have anywhere read. It will commence in the next number of the Newspaper, and will run through probably some four or five weeks. Our word for it, the reader will find this story well told, interesting, mysterious, and well carried out in plot.

GENERAL SCOTT'S LETTER.

Electioneering times often brings out important truths and way-marks and documents; and the letter of General Scott is one which, considering the hour at which it was written, and the evident effort exhibited to place the safety of the country above all party considerations, will not be overlooked by the future historian of this country. The *political* opinions even which it advances, will be even separately considered from the *military*. In regard to the first, it will be remembered that General Scott, though a distinguished statesman and most successful negotiator, as well as warrior, was still, like any other statesman of good judgment, liable to have his opinions agreed with or differed from in whole or in part, by those of other or of the same political party. But his opinion on military matters is a different thing, and as one of the most distinguished generals of his age, the man of greatest experience in the whole country, all that he says deliberately on such subjects deserves the very highest consideration and regard.

How far the publication of this letter is a breach of private confidence or not, is a matter for the two distinguished gentlemen immediately concerned to settle between themselves. We have no doubt that Mr. John Van Buren believed that in publishing it he had not committed an action by which the author of it would feel that he had been in any way wronged. But this is not for the public to consider. Our only business with it just now is as to its genuineness, as a document expressing a decided military opinion—one given by the man who, sword in hand, had stood by to maintain the inauguration of President Lincoln.

Nothing need now be said about its simply political opinions; whether the Crittenden compromise could have been adopted, and would have been satisfactory to the South and North, may be left as open questions. In the North all parties have united in supporting the Union, and volunteering for the army most nobly. But the point of real interest and information is the original and present difficulty of conquering the seceded States by invading armies. Here it is clear that General Scott's picture understates by far the pecuniary difficulties, and certainly does not overstate the *military* embarrassments in which the subject was involved when he wrote. Time has surmounted some of these to a degree that no living man could then have expected. Money has flowed into the treasury *(and out of it also)* with a freedom that has astonished Europe; and the old fable of sowing the dragon's teeth and armed men springing up, has been fully realized by those like Floyd, whose treason brought on war. But, then, if the North has exhibited unexpected powers of a warlike nature, the South has done the same, and is at this moment as far as ever from owning itself subdued. Indeed South Carolina is sending up her cavalry to make raids into Pennsylvania. General Scott did not over estimate then the difficulties of restoring the Union by penetrating the South with armies.

All parties are agreed apparently that there is no stopping where we now are, and that the only thing to be done is for the entire North to push matters to the point of the conquest of Richmond before further and ulterior measures can be decided upon, and the sooner all our Governors and generals push matters through to that point the better. There ought to be no thought of going into winter quarters till this is done. On this John Van Buren and men of all parties are agreed. If this is promptly and brilliantly done—the second of General Scott's plans—and our iron-plated gunboats on Southern swollen rivers will do much for the rest, if well carried out, for Richmond once taken, Eastern Virginia and North Carolina will be restored to the Union substantially as Western Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee are now. To effect this, then, let a special call be made for thirty or forty thousand militia, or a hundred thousand, if needs be, to guard Washington and the line of the Potomac, while every soldier of our present Eastern army is sent on the Richmond expedition. The country abundantly shows itself in favor of an energetic prosecution of the war, and that no peace can be made till Richmond is subdued. When this is done, the rest may become much clearer than it now can be.

REBEL PLANS OF CAMPAIGN.

Beauregard's captured correspondence shows the intentions of the rebels in their late advance in Kentucky. It was to capture Louisville and Cincinnati, to destroy as much of the improvements as possible, and construct works at Louisville, so as to command the Ohio. Unfortunately for the execution of this plan, Halleck, Buell and Grant lay in the way, and it seems to put all Beauregard's strategy to the rest, to know how to get rid of them, so as to execute the plan successfully. Whether Bragg's Western movement was based upon Beauregard's suggestions or not, the difficulties foreseen by the latter were encountered by the former. Grant was attacked, as laid down, but Rosecranz, Grant's right-hand man, reversed the programme, and beat Price very soundly, so badly, indeed, that his whole force is demoralized and dispersed. This was not what Beauregard intended; but the other operations in carrying out his plans were not much more favorable. Bragg advanced rapidly towards Louisville and Cincinnati, but Cincinnati raised force enough to render a further advance in that direction dangerous, and Buell got to Louisville before Bragg. This forced Bragg to retire but anxions to redeem his reputation and save his army he attacked Buell, but got badly beaten, and then had to retreat rapidly. Both the operations in the field preliminary to seizing Louisville and Cincinnati were therefore failures, and all that has been effected by Beauregard's plans has been to bring defeat upon the rebel armies, an injury from which they cannot soon recover. Bragg and Beauregard will begin soon to discover that it is more easy to plan than it is to execute, especially against such grand troops as compose the Western army. It will soon be Buell's turn to commence a campaign against the Southwestern rebels, and it is expected he will be more successful than Bragg or Beauregard.

THE STATE ELECTION.—The anticipations from the first election returns received, that the State had gone by 50,000 majority in favor of the National Union ticket, are not borne out by the subsequent returns. The gains in the Democratic counties have been large, and it is now doubtful whether the Democratic State ticket will not have a majority. Curtin's majority in 1860 was over 32,000, and Mr. Lincoln's was 80,000 over Breckenridge, and 62,000 over all competitors. By the unofficial returns ten Democratic members of Congress are elected, nine National Union, and one Independent candidate, leaving only five to hear from.

WHY NOT MOVE FORWARD?—On Saturday last fifteen thousand two hundred and thirty-three men were in camp in Massachusetts, ready for the field. As the rebels are not in Massachusetts, and are in Virginia, the speedy movement of these troops from the former to the latter State would doubtless enable Gen. McClellan the sooner to attack the rebels.

RENTS.

There probably is no one class of the community whose interests are more affected by the state of affairs arising out of the rebellion than the owners of rented houses. The first effect of the rebellion was to depreciate the value of real estate and to lower rents, in consequence of the general prostration of business and the stoppage of employment. Individuals who were doing a prosperous business before the rebellion occurred, suddenly found their profits cut off with the loss of trade, and, with the loss in profits to tenants came the demand to reduce the rent of their stores, and also of the houses they occupied as dwellings. The second effect of the rebellion was a tax upon incomes, to help to pay for putting down the rebellion which tax affects landlords as well as other individuals having incomes. But in addition to these causes diminishing the profits of landlords, there is one which operates more severely than all, and this is—the difference of value in the currency now received compared with gold. Paper being made a legal tender, it pays rents in place of gold and silver. Compared with the former it is at a depreciation of from 33 to 34 per cent., or in other words, a paper dollar for every purpose, except paying debts, is, compared with gold, worth only from 66 to 67 cents.

Yet, while all these causes are operating against the owner of rented houses in reducing his income, the demand is still made that rents shall be lowered, while food, clothing and every necessary of life are rising in price, to accommodate themselves to the gradually lessening value of money, or to adjust their prices relatively to each other. To show the effect of these causes, we will take a single instance, which has the merit of being an actual one, and therefore a practical illustration.

A gentleman acquaintance of ours owned a store, for which he received previously to the breaking out of our rebellion a rent of $6000 per annum, the property being taxed $900. Within the last year, he was asked to reduce this rent to $4000, to retain the tenant. Here was a falling off at once of 33 1-3 per cent. Now let us see what he would actually receive for the rent of his store. In the first place, he would be paid in a currency reduced in value, compared with gold, from 33 to 34 per cent.—say one third, or 33 1-3 per cent.

Deduct $900 for taxes for State and City purposes and $93 U. S. income tax, both which may be paid in the present currency, and the account would stand as follows:

Rent, - - - - - -		$4000 00
State and City tax, - -	900 00	
		3100 00
U. S. Income tax, 3 per cent., - -	93 00	
		3007 00
Less 33 1-3 per cent. for difference in value between paper and gold,		1002 33
Leaving net rent in gold only - -		$2004 67

This is the interest of a principal of only $33,400, for a store formerly bringing the rental value of a principal of more than $83,000.

These facts show that, instead of rents coming down, landlords will be compelled by necessity to raise them, to derive the same interest from their investment they would receive from bonds, mortgages, or ground rents. On a fair calculation, in the case cited as an illustration, if $6000 was the real rental value, paying taxes and repairs, and realizing six per cent. on the capital, the store should rent for $6,676, to pay the reduction in the value of the currency received for rent, after deducting U. S. and State and City taxes; or, in other words, to realize to the owner the same value that his store brought him before that reduction in the value of currency when compared with gold occurred.

AUTUMN.

There is no season of the year that makes its presence felt so suddenly and none that so completely changes the face of all nature as the fall. The ancients called it Autumnus the season of abundance, or increase from the harvests then gathered. With them the season extended from the 22d Sept., to the 22d of Dec. With us the most characteristi feature of the season is the fall of the leaf. A single night of frost will turn the leaves of a whole district, or if not, in a few days their varying tints from green to yellow and from yellow to bright scarlet, give to the American woods, especially where the maple abounds, a richness of beauty unknown to other lands. The leaves now become as brilliant in their hues as the feathered birds which fly among the branches—branches so soon to be left bare are being now thus beautified.

Indeed autumn is the season of richest, ripest beauty in the year. The spring may have a fresher and more hopeful verdure, but the golden tints that indicate the ripening of everything are especially autumnal. Perhaps it is in reference to this beautiful as well as rapid decay that man is said to fall "*as the leaf*," exhibiting the greatest ripeness and perfection as that beauty is about to close. The autumnal season then has its superiority over the other seasons both in nature and in human life. But it also has in both its disadvantages. Spring conducts the face of nature from death to life; but autumn from life to death before it has finished its work. Thus it becomes a sad and melancholy season, and one ever filled with its own pensive musings to the thoughtful. As the leaves are swept away and the branches are laid bare, so are friends taken from us, borne along by the seeming slight changes of this season like falling leaves, leaving old homesteads bare, and desolate and chilled. Tertullian calls autumn "tentator valetudinum," the trying season of the infirm. Its chilliness touches the aged, and, like the ripened fruit, they drop quietly into the grave—pass away, oh, how silently and peacefully, from the well-remembered seat beside the family hearth—gathered into the garner above "as a shock of corn fully ripe."

The feeble youth, too, budding into manhood or womanhood, finds the fall also the trier of their infirmities. It is only a slight cold at first, followed by a persistent hacking cough, all little thought of, the slight chill, and the hectic flush, and the nightly fever, and before the next spring how many a youth, the hope of parents, the loved of brothers, sisters, classmates, friends, has faded and fallen like the autumn leaf.

"Autumnus libritinae quaestus acerbae."

Thus far the fall has dealt very gently with us, and, as if in compassion to our large armies in the field, has spared us greatly in the South from its accustomed fevers, as at New Orleans especially, and in the North from the severe and sudden frosts and changes to be expected. The jessamine yet blossoms in the gardens, and the tobacco is unnipped in the fields. The usual sickness and death have been averted in a remarkable degree from these natural causes in proportion as the more striking and terrible forms of death have been more common than ever before around us. Where the fall does not injure, it does good. As a touch of frost ripens grapes, so it strengthens and braces man. It renews his constitution and his vigor. He moves more briskly for it, and pursues his business with new avidity. A perpetual summer would soon wear him down with an all-pervading lassitude, and the mind, sympathizing with the body, would produce the want of vigor for which Southern climes are so noted as compared with Northern. The fall is the busy season for trade as well as for the farmer, and it is, or ought to be, an energetic season for subduing the vile rebellion with which we have been cursed. The spirits of our men were never better. The whole North is awake and willing, and will, we trust, be speedily led to victories more decided and substantial than we have yet seen.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE REBEL RAID.—A gentleman who has just returned from the borders of the State relates the following:—After the rebel cavalry left Chambersburg, on their way towards Gettysburg, when about twelve miles distant from the former place, they met a large funeral procession, which they ordered to come to a halt. Dismounting from their own horses, they selected *forty-three* of the best horses in the procession, and amongst them *the horse attached to the hearse.* No violence was used; but, to the contrary, the greatest politeness was displayed towards the surprised mourners. At length one of the funeral escort demanded to know by whose orders their horses were thus taken. The reply was, "By order of Gen. McClellan; they are wanted for the army." As soon as the funeral horses were properly secured by their captors, they pursued their way to the Potomac, leaving the afflicted friends to find their way with the corpse to the place of burial as they best might.

THE REBEL RAID AT SEA.—The rebel steamer fitted out in England to war against United States property, is doing a literally brisk plundering business. It has been stated that the name, "290," by which the steamer was known in England, at the time of her fitting out, originated from the fact of 290 English merchants having subscribed the fund to fit her out and place her in command of Semmes. It is believed that her next cruise will be along the track of our homeward-bound European ships, and it is suggested that several fast-sailing clipper ships, heavily armed, but disguised as merchantmen, should be sent in that direction. Even if they did not succeed in capturing her, they would make her shy of approaching large merchantmen.

GEN. GRANT'S DEPARTMENT.—Our troops have not been idle in Mississippi since the repulse of Van Dorn at Corinth and Hatchie rivers. Union troops now occupy Rienzi, 12 miles below Corinth. They are also in possession of the town of Ripley, some twenty-five miles below the point where Gen. Ord and Hurlbut put the enemy to flight last week, having chased the rebels thus far and given up the pursuit for the present.

THE DRAFT IN DELAWARE ANNULLED.—The War Department has revoked the order for a draft in Delaware, on account of the quota of troops from that State being raised by volunteering.

LITERARY RECORD.

Lloyd's Maps. J. T. Lloyd, publisher, 164 Broadway, New York.

We, a few days since, received a sample of Lloyd's admirably-arranged maps, which, in these days of important war movements almost daily transpiring in various sections, render the compact information they contain an indispensable accompaniment of the morning newspaper. We can hardly comprehend what we read without them, and as the price has been brought within the reach of almost all, they will, no doubt, be possessed by all. These maps are not only of present essential use in explaining to the adult reader much that is otherwise complicated and unintelligible, but they are sources of direct instruction to the young student in geography, who is tempted to follow the various armies over its face, prominent points by a battle or a retreat, a victory or a defeat, being so impressed on the memory as to be not only impressive as to facts at particular points, but it leads to lasting geographical and statistical information of towns, counties, States and sections. The large map of the "United States and the Canadas," is done up in striking colors, and is afforded at the very low charge of fifty cents. It is not only a county map of all the United States, but it is also a railroad and county map combined in one, showing every railroad and railroad station and distances, as well as the counties and county seats. As an evidence of the labor expended in its compilation, and the amount of information embodied in it, we see it stated that it contains three hundred and seventy thousand names! That so much can be afforded at so low a charge as fifty cents is a perfect wonder. The State maps put out by these same publishers have also many advantages that commend them to special localities.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the *Arch Street Theatre*, Miss Batemen and Messrs. Wallack and Adams, continue their engagement through this week, which is the fourth, and is announced as the last. The performances for the week as previously announced are: Monday night, "The School for Scandal," Miss Bateman as "Lady Teazle;" on Tuesday, "London Assurance," Miss Bateman as "Lady Gay Spanker;" on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, "Rosa Gregorio," and on Friday Miss B.'s farewell benefit, when will be played, first time in this city, the drama entitled "The Madonna of Art." The trio of stars at the Arch continue to attract good houses, and the engagement, all things considered, has been wonderfully successful, though it is universally conceded that the lady star has yet much to learn in her profession. We see it announced that the comedian, J. S. Clarke will succeed the present attraction.

At the *Walnut Street Theatre*, Miss Charlotte Thompson is in the second week of her engagement. She is attracting very respectable audiences, and in a certain line of characters is a very respectable actress, though with little pretension to the position of a star.

The Ravels concluded their engagement under the management of Mr. Wheatley, at the *Academy of Music*, on Saturday evening. The engagement was a decided success, and what must have been most satisfactory to the company, the audiences nightly increased during their stay.

Col. Sam. Sanford, with his well drilled Burlesque Opera Company, have returned to the city, and perform nightly at Concert Hall. The Colonel is a veteran in the profession, and well knows how to afford the greatest amount of amusement to his audiences.

Carncross and Dixey are at the old place, Eleventh street, below Market, doing up the legitimate "colored performance" with much success.

Abell & Co.'s Stereopticon, at the Assembly Building, is really one of the most artistic, instructive and refining exhibitions of its character ever presented to the Philadelphia public. The truth is, its merits are above the general appreciation, and for that reason does not command success commensurate with its cost and merits. A coarser and cheaper thing would probably succeed better. But, go see it.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

Modesty in woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming if not put on.

☞ If our clothes are not well cut, we are liable to be cut ourselves.

☞ The fact that to send a dollar to Europe costs a dollar and a half is beginning to excite attention.

☞ One of the drafted men at Cleveland, Ohio, cut his big toes off on Tuesday last to incapacitate him from serving his country.

☞ Always bequeath to your wife as much money as you can; her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a cent in his pocket.

☞ The Nashville Union states that all the tails of the Southern oxen have been eradicated to make ox-tail soup for the rebel soldiers.

☞ The pretty Jewess, Charlotte Werder, who sued for $10,000 damages for breach of promise, was accorded six cents and costs by a heartless New York jury.

☞ Somebody has said: "Nothing is more dangerous than one endrossing idea. In its extreme uses, it produces lunacy; in all others it disqualifies the judgment."

☞ One of the most successful military organizations in St. Louis is composed of gentlemen over forty-five years old, and legally exempt from service.

☞ Mrs. Douglas resides near the Douglas Hospital, Washington, and is constant in her visits to comfort the sick, in the small villa originally occupied by the Illinois statesman.

☞ English papers say Louisa Pyne is suffering from gastric fever. We hope her sufferings will soon end, and the little girl will eat less in future and sing more.

☞ Up in Canada last week, a man ate a plum, in which a wasp was concealed. The insect stung the man's throat, the part swelled, and he died of suffocation.

☞ The deep black which our war ships have been painted, has proved to be a very prominent mark to shoot at, in consequence of which a change has been made to a grayish drab.

☞ Three fresh crinoline sacrifices are reported from England. Two barmaids burnt to death by their distended skirts taking fire and one factory girl drawn in machinery by the same means and crushed to death.

☞ A Washington letter-writer says that the President has his hands full in endeavoring to settle the quarrels of Generals, who are fighting, while their troops are idle. He, however, says the reports of differences between Gens. Halleck and McClellan are unfounded.

☞ John Oxenford, the London critic, has discovered rhymes for month and orange, as follows:

Let men try through the chronicles of war range,
According they'll find the stream that quickly run th;
Let us recall how William, Prince of Orange,
Resisted Louis many a weary month.

☞ Orpheus C. Kerr thinks Rear Admirals are an aristocratic institution—and their creation must serve to convince besotted Europe that in making a naval distinction between rank and file, our discriminating Government knows how to compromise matters by bestowing a new rank upon an old file.

☞ The Commissioner of Pensions states that if the mother of a deceased soldier has a husband living, who is not proved to be either unable to support her, or in such a situation that she cannot enforce her legal claim upon him for subsistence, she is not entitled to receive a pension by reason of the service and death of her son.

☞ There were 260 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 144 were adults and 116 children. There were 55 from consumption of the lungs; 8 from convulsions; 11 from diptheria; 11 from diarrhœa; 11 from debility; 10 from typhoid fever; 6 from inflammation of the lungs; 7 from marasmus, and 23 from gunshot wounds. Deaths and interments of soldiers in our city, 45.

REUTER, the telegraphic news agent, through whom the despatches from the United States are received in London, did not have any account of McClellan's victories for the London papers by the steamer City of New York, and these journals received the intelligence from the Irish papers, which published it a day before them. Reuter attempts to explain—two steamers due, and news sent by his agent in one only. The steamers which had not his despatch got in first—a very poor excuse—and as he had always previously been very prompt in getting the rebel victories reported in Europe—indeed, so very prompt as to announce them when they did not occur—the probability is, that he was playing into the hands of his Secesh friends in Europe, or aiding a little private speculation. If the despatch did not reach him, the American newspapers did, and his agent in Liverpool had it in his power to send the news to London just as soon as to Belfast or any other provincial city. There has been considerable complaint by Americans abroad of the manner in which the news from this country is garbled in the Reuter despatches, and the operations of that individual will bear a little watching.

GENERAL BUELL'S VICTORY.—The defeat of Bragg by Buell, appears to have been a more decisive victory than at first believed. Bragg has been compelled precipitately to retrace his steps, and instead of continuing his retreat southeastwardly, he has been compelled to strike north again in order to avoid the troops which are surrounding him on every side. He will, undoubtedly, be closely followed and have to fight another battle. By the time he leaves Kentucky he will be tolerably well cut up, as had probably as Price and Van Dorn were in Mississippi by Rosecrans. The rebel raids in the West are not likely to add much to the rebel strength or power of endurance. Their armies have received two terrible blows recently, which have considerably shattered them, and they have probably lost more in ammunition and arms than they have gained in plunder.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

From Washington and Further South.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—A number of prisoners have been sent hither recently by Generals Sigel and Stoneman, who, together with persons arrested for violating the Potomac blockade, are now confined in the old Capitol Prison.

There seems to be no difficulty in emigrating to the South. Lately, about twenty secessionists left Washington and neighborhood for the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where they safely crossed into Virginia.

Major General Fitz John Porter arrived in this city on Saturday evening, from General McClellan's army. The object of Gen. Porter's visit here is to give evidence before the court of inquiry, of which Gen. Harney is president, in the case of General Marundale, of the New York volunteers.

Brig. General Butterfield has been in the city several days, having also been called here to testify in the same case. Other witnesses are Gen. George W. Morrell and Col. Roberts, of the Maine volunteers.

We have information from Fredericksburg of a late date. The conscription law of the Davis government is being rigidly enforced. Every man coming within range of its operation is forced into the army. Some have demurred, and to these little mercy is shown, and they are thrust into jail at once.

A party confined in the jail at Fredericksburg broke out, and most of them escaped. Some of these have found their way to this city, while others went to Prince William county. A rumor was started not long since that they were about to retake the city. In anticipation of such a movement, all the goods and stores in the city were packed into cars ready to move South.

The rebels say that, while the Union army occupied that city, shoes sufficient to keep up a supply for the whole Southern army passed through that city for Richmond. All goods thus smuggled through the lines were turned over to the rebel government.

The New Financial Policy—Mr. Chase's New Programme.

[Special Despatch to the N. Y. Evening Post.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—There is no foundation for the current report that the Secretary of the Treasury will apply to the next Congress for authority to issue more Treasury notes. It is probable that Mr. Chase will ask Congress to legislate so as to curtail the issue of bank bills, and thus restore the value of Government paper to the gold standard. It is the opinion of many financiers who have been in Washington of late, that if no more Government paper was to be issued, and if all the paper issues of the banks could be suppressed, the Government paper would instantly rise to the value of gold. The Government is convinced that something must be done to lessen the evil of the present disparity between specie and paper money. It has been proposed, in certain quarters, that henceforth, instead of issuing any more paper currency, the Treasury Department shall issue six months and one year six per cent. certificates of indebtedness. The old Demand notes are rapidly coming in, as the importations, for the last two or three months, have been very heavy, and the duties have been mostly paid in the old notes, instead of coin.

Negro Plot in Virginia.

The Washington Republican of Monday says:

"A refugee, who recently came into General Sigel's head-quarters, gives information of a highly important character. He escaped from Amissville, Culpepper county, Virginia, and states that the greatest consternation imaginable exists among the white people of that whole section of country, in consequence of an apprehended slave revolt.

"Seventeen negroes, most of them free, had been arrested on suspicion of being engaged in plotting the uprising of the entire colored population. Copies of late newspapers, which published President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation were found in their possession. The fact that such a proclamation has been made is well known among all the negroes, and it produces the most startling effect.

"The terror of the whites is beyond description. Apprehensions of a re-enactment of the Nat Turner horrors are felt to an alarming extent. The seventeen negroes were promptly taken out at Amissville and hung. It is said that the negroes of the different counties around Culpepper are all engaged in the conspiracy for a general insurrection."

Late from Richmond.

The Richmond Examiner, 17, says: "The good people of Charleston, S. C., have had a celebration in their city—baptizing a marine ram, or ladies' gunboat, built there.

"As Congress has failed to make any enactments in regard to martial law, it follows that it has no longer any existence in this Confederacy, and any attempt to continue martial law in any form or disguise, is in derogation of the law making power of government, and in defiance of the Constitution."

Our Southern Confederacy is sadly afflicted with dishonest Postmasters, especially in North Carolina. The cause of this complaint is the non-receipt of subscriptions said to be forwarded by mail to newspapers.

The Examiner of the 17th claims the victory at the battle of Perryville. Union loss, killed, wounded and captured over 20,000; Rebel loss, 5000.

MAYOR'S COURT, RICHMOND, Oct. 16.—Jas. Simpson, charged with buying $170 worth of bacon, butter and eggs, to sell at his store. The facts being established, the butter and eggs were confiscated. In the same Court, J. Cropper had twenty-two dozen eggs confiscated, and E. J. Taliaferro was fined ten dollars for riding a horse in the street faster than six miles an hour.

The Rebel Pirate "290."

BOSTON, Oct. 18.—Captain Pillton, of the bark Virginia, which was destroyed by the pirate "290," has arrived hence and informs the New Bedford Mercury that Captain Semmes was very independent, short and quick in his remarks, looking on and treating his prisoners and crew as dogs. Some of the officers were more sociable and wished themselves well out of the scrape they got into. The Alabama left Birkenhead, England, on a trial trip, but never went back, and is now under the direction of the English, who are to furnish her with supplies at the different islands where she is to stop, and while she is to continue to prey on our commerce.

The Guerrilla War on the Mississippi.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Oct. 18.—On Thursday night the steamer Emelie was stopped and taken possession at Portland by a band of twenty rebels. They passed Linn, Osage county, at one o'clock in the morning, on their way South.

LATER.—The boat has returned, having been abandoned by the guerrillas. They done very little damage, except to seize the stores and rob the passengers of their clothing and other valuables.

The Federal Union Party—General Dix for Governor.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—The new organization, styled the Federal Union Party, met last evening, and nominated Gen. John A. Dix for Governor, and issued an address to the electors of the State, without distinction of party, to form Federal Union Clubs, and send delegates to a Convention on the 28th instant, to be held at the Cooper Institute in this city, to ratify the nomination of Gen. DIX.

The State Election.

The returns of the vote on the State ticket come in slowly. The following are the returns as far as received:

THE STATE TICKET.

Democratic Majorities.		*Nat. Union Majorities.*	
Adams,	500	Allegheny,	4,384
Armstrong,	540	Blair,	1,000
Bedford,	540	Butler,	150
Berks,	5,914	Beaver,	780
Bucks,	702	Chester,	2,345
Cambria,	1,000	Dauphin,	945
Carbon,	700	Delaware,	1,300
Centre,	600	Erie,	2,500
Clearfield,	1,000	Franklin,	250
Clinton,	300	Huntingdon,	69
Columbia,	1,400	Indiana,	2,000
Cumberland,	844	Lancaster,	4,939
Fayette,	900	Lawrence,	1,600
Fulton,	250	Lebanon,	850
Greene,	2,000	Mercer,	508
Juniata,	300	Mifflin,	150
Lehigh,	1,949	Philadelphia,	2,801
Luzerne,	2,821	Snyder,	400
Lycoming,	1,200	Somerset,	1,000
Montgomery,	1,647	Union,	500
Monroe,	1,540	Erie,	1,500
Montour,	471	Huntingdon,	400
Northampton,	2,464	Susquehanna,	800
Northumberland,	923	Tioga,	1,300
Perry,	42	Potter,	600
Schuylkill,	1,594		
Sullivan,	350		32,762
Washington,	600		
Westmoreland,	1,500		
York,	3,000		
	37,511		

Indiana Election.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 19.—The Democratic State ticket is elected by from 5,000 to 8,000 majority. The Democrats have elected five members of Congress, and the Union men four. The result in the Tenth and Eleventh districts is uncertain, and both parties claim the election of their candidate.

The Democrats have elected a majority of both branches of the Legislature, which secures the election of a Democratic Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the expulsion of Senator Bright.

General Fremont passed through Indianapolis last night, en route to St. Louis.

NEWS FROM MEXICO.

The Situation of the French Army.

ARRIVAL OF GEN. FOREY—HE IS ENTRUSTED WITH DIPLOMATIC POWERS, AND SUPERSEDES SALIGNY.

By the steam-frigate Massena, at New York, we have news from Vera Cruz to the 26th of September, a week later.

At that date the vomito had materially decreased, and hopes of a comparatively healthier season were entertained. The arrivals of the French soldiers were progressing slowly, sixteen thousand only having landed at Vera Cruz when the Massena left. It was stated that the expedition, on account of unexampled delays, would not leave Orizaba before the end of October.

Some slight guerrilla skirmishes had taken place at rancho Techeria, seven miles from Vera Cruz, without casualties on either side. Heavy rains had converted the roads into impassable streams, and rendered communication almost impracticable.

The most important news brought by the French frigate is the arrival of Gen. Forey, at Vera Cruz, on the 22d of September. In addition to his rank of military commander, the General is entrusted with diplomatic powers superior to those exercised by the French Minister, Benoit de Saligny, who, although retaining his place still, will be, diplomatically speaking, subordinate to Gen. Forey. This has been done, it is said, to satisfy public opinion, which, right or wrong, suspects De Saligny of having a personal interest in Mexican politics.

The rumor at Vera Cruz was, that after the death of Gen. Zarragozza, the Mexican army had disbanded, and organized into small guerrilla parties, overrunning the country in every direction.

The Massena had come to New York to take provisions, and will leave this city for Vera Cruz, in a few days.

Later from Europe—The Bavaria off Cape Race

CAPE RACE, Oct. 20.—The steamer Bavaria, from Southampton on the 8th inst., passed off this point on Sunday afternoon.

In the Liverpool Cotton market prices had advanced ⅛ a ¼d.; sales 17,000 bales for two days. The market was buoyant.

Breadstuffs were quiet. Provisions dull.—Consols 94⅛ for money.

The rebel steamer Jona, heavily laden, was sunk in the Clyde, by coming in collision with a steamer.

The London Times styles the Emancipation Proclamation of the President is mere waste paper.

Letters from Mexico state that Jearez will contest, inch by inch, the French invasion.

Victor Emmanuel has granted an amnesty to Garabaldi and his followers.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, October 14, 1862.

Our ship-owners, having vessels in the European trade, are ill at ease over the reports that are coming to us from England, concerning the operations of the rebel steamer "290." There is a magnificent fleet of packets now on their way to and from Liverpool, which would make rich picking for the pirate, if she crossed their path.

Until the "290" is overhauled and destroyed by some of our vessels, it has been proposed on 'Change to arm every ship leaving port for Europe, and the proposition will probably be acted upon, as regards vessels having rich cargoes. The very fact that our merchantmen are prepared to resist an attack, it is thought, would have a restraining influence upon the privateers, and prevent their depredations. It is well known that it was a favorite scheme of the rebels to capture the California steamers, at the commencement of the war, but as soon as it was known that these vessels were prepared to defend themselves, no attempt was made to molest them. If the European packets are armed in like manner, it may be reasonably concluded that all such craft as the "290" will be discreet enough to give them a wide berth.

The most important news to Europe by the steamers on Saturday, it is generally conceded, will be the result of the October elections. To these elections, it is well known, foreigners have been looking almost with as much interest as our own people, under the conviction that it would have, one way or another, an important bearing upon the war. Doubtless, the secession clique in London and Paris will twist and turn things so as to make it appear that the Republican losses in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio indicate a condemnation of the "Government" and the war; and there is no little doubt that the London Times, Herald, Post, and other organs of the aristocracy, ever in sympathy with the rebels, will accept that view of the case as the true interpretation. Of course, the significance of the defeat of such anti-war democrats as Mahoney in Iowa, and Vallandigham in Ohio, will be carefully kept out of sight—as likewise will the main fact that the real point which these State elections have really decided is, that the people are determined to prosecute the war on conservative, constitutional principles, and that *neither Republican nor Democratic radicals shall have control at Washington.* Mr. Charles Mackay, the New York correspondent of the Times, and that other libeller of our country and countrymen, "Manhattan" of the London Herald, cannot be expected to let the British public know the whole truth; but if the British public would only try to do their own thinking a little, the misrepresentations of these persons could not stand between them and a just comprehension of the issues that were at stake, and the results that have been decided.

The verdict in the case of Mrs. Real, tried for the murder of Peter C. Real, was rendered on Friday. She was found guilty of manslaughter in the third degree, and sentenced to the State Prison for a term of two years and six months.

The jury in the case of Samuel B. Haynes, the alleged slave-trader, came into Court, on Saturday, and announced that they could not agree. This is the second trial of the prisoner. On the former one, the jury likewise failed to agree.

The Italian, Dismanchi, was sentenced by Judge Shipman, on Saturday, to be hanged on the 6th of February next, for the murder of Capt. Vincent, of ship Blondel, under circumstances already familiar to the public.

The Naval Court of Inquiry in regard to the loss of the gunboat Adirondack, sitting at the Brooklyn navy yard, has been succeeded by a Naval General Court Martial. Captain Gansevoort, and the other officers in command, will be examined on Monday. Capt. Boggs, of the Varuna, Capt. Smith, of the Brooklyn navy yard, and Captain Radford, are members of the court.

The week closes with an easy money market. There is a brisk demand at five per cent., on call, though there is a moderate business doing at lower rates, say 4 a 4½. Commercial paper is in fair request at 4 a 4½ a 5 per cent., for 60 days, and 4½ a 5 for four to six months. First-class single names range from 5 a 6 per cent. Second-class paper is moderately active at 7 a 9 per cent., as the names are known.

Foreign exchange for the Saturday steamers, closed quiet, and at lower rates. Sales were made, just previous to the sailing of the vessels, at 141 a 143.

The City of Washington takes out $1,021,245 88 in specie, and the Saxonia $35,000—in all, $1,371,245 88. This makes a total for the week of $1,714,551. The City of Washington has $912,000 in Am. Gold, $20,092 in bars, $53,154 in Sovereigns, and $36,000 in Mexican dollars. The Saxonia, $100,905 in bars and bullion, $489,000 in American gold coin, $61,900 in foreign, do., $95,000 American silver coin, and $11,300 in foreign, do.

COTTON.—The market is firmer, but prices tend downward. Some sales of middling Uplands are reported at 59¾ a 61c. Cotton closes less buoyant, and 61c. for Orleans middling is not so readily obtained. The sales of the past three days have been 4,500 bales.

COFFEE.—Sales firm, but with less activity. The range of Rio may be quoted at 25 a 27c. for fair to prime qualities.

FLOUR.—The market for western and State flour is less active, and prices are in favor of buyers. We hear of sales of 14,000 bbls. at $6 25 a 6 40 for superfine State and western; $6 75 a 6 90 for extra State; $6 85 a 7 20 for the low grades of western extra; and $7 45 a 7 50 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio. Southern flour is dull and heavy

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

BY MISS MULOCH.

Willie, fold your little hands;
Let them drop that soldier toy;
Look where father's picture stands—
Father, who here kissed his boy
Not two months since—father kind,
Who this night may—never mind
Mother's sob, my little dear,
Call aloud that He may hear,
Who is God of battles, say,
"Oh, keep father safe this day,
By the Alma River."

Ask no more, child; never heed
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
Right of nation or of creed,
Chance poised victory's bloody work;
Any flag in the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sebastopol;
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, where'er it be,
Where he stands—no other word!
Stand—God sure the child's prayer heard—
By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
Ringing through the town to-day;
That's for victory. Ah, no knell
For the many swept away—
Hundreds—thousands! Let us weep,
We may need not—just to keep
Reason steady in my brain,
Till the morning comes again,
Till the third dread morning tells,
Who they were that fought and fell,
By the Alma River.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child,
Poor the bed is, poor and hard,
Yet thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home;
Or beneath the starry dome,
Digs out trenches in the dark
Where he buries—Willie mark—
Where he buries those who died
Fighting bravely at his side,
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep,
Good will keep us, O, my boy;
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy,
When I need not shrink to meet
Those dread placards in the street,
Which for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eye.—Child say thy prayer,
Once again; a different one;
Say, "Oh God, thy will be done
By the Alma River."

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

FLEMISH HUSBANDRY

And Green Manures.

Flanders, now Belgium, in Europe, has the honor of being the first country that adopted a regular rotation of farm crops, or what is commonly called the *alternate system of husbandry*. And in order to give your readers a proper idea of this system, here are some ideas touching it, gathered from standard British works.

Flanders was the first of modern countries to improve the practice of agriculture. And from the beginning of the year 1600, or thereabouts, down to the present Flemish (Belgians) have continued models of neat and economical farming. It is a leading principle with them to make their *farms closely resemble gardens;* and to do this they have *small* farms and aim at three grand points to wit: 1, the accumulation of manures; 2, the destruction of weeds, and 3, the frequent and deep pulverization of the soil. The Flemish were the first among modern nations *to sow and grow crops to be plowed down for manurial purposes*, and they continue this practice more extensively than any other nation—a practice far too much overlooked and neglected in America. But if our American farmers had a sufficient knowledge of *chemistry*, to understand how much fertilizing matter such *green crops* impart to the soil, they would adopt the same practice here everywhere.

The Flemish have often attempted the cultivation of lucerne, sanfoin, and other grasses, for fodder, but have always found the large red clover much the best for grazing and foddering purposes. They take extraordinary care to rid their soils of all *weeds*, as the growth of weeds is considered the greatest difficulty they meet with in the cultivation of their lands. No crop is of more importance to the Flemish farmer than red clover, for, as many of them have no natural grass lands, the clover not only supplies them with sufficient food for their cattle, but also makes much manure. Their clover is generally given to their cattle in a green condition. But whenever they have more clover than can be used in this way, it is cut off with a reaping hook and converted into hay. This cut clover is tied up into bunches of seven or eight pounds weight and set up against each other like grain-sheaves. If it is mown it loses too many leaves and fruit-buds by the repeated turning, so that a part of it is destroyed. And upon all soils that will produce it, the cultivation of red clover forms a part of the course in every rotation of crops, as this clover is sown with every sort of grain—with wheat, rye, barley, oats and flax. For as Radclife, of England, says: "Without clover no man in Flanders would pretend to call himself a farmer." The Flemish do not grow spurry much, except on very dry and sandy soils, where the red clover fails to grow well, and here they have recourse to spurry to obtain the necessary fodder to sustain their cattle during the winter, and it answers very well on such soils, as it springs up readily and ripens its crop in about six weeks.

The Flemish keep large quantities of cattle. "*A beast for every three acres of land is a common proportion*, and in very small occupations where much spade husbandry is used, the proportion is still greater. These cattle are maintained on turnips, potatoes, carrots, &c., which are chopped together in a tub, with leaves, rye or buckwheat meal, and mixed with boiling water, and about two pailfulls are given to each cow." The Flemish dung-yards are so constructed that all their drainage is collected in cisterns, and this liquid manure is then mixed up with the night-soil of their privies, pulverized rape-cakes and the like. And this most fertilizing compound is then conveyed to their fields in barrels fixed on wheels, and is then spread out over the ground with a scoop, and at the rate of 2,840 gallons of liquor acre for a crop of flax. The soil of Flanders (Belgium) generally consists of white, light, loose and flat sandy soil, illy adapted to the growth of wheat. This soil was naturally very much like the sandy district upon our seacoast in New Jersey and Maryland, and the sandy plains in the valley of the Connecticut river, but the Flemish have converted much of this once barren land into a most fertile loam, and in 1819 their average crops per acre were said to be of wheat 32 bushels, rye 32½ bushels, oats 52 bushels, potatoes 350 bushels, &c. They at first cultivate these barren districts to a depth of only three or four inches, but gradually plowed deeper as the soil became enriched by the application of manures, until they now have a very deep, loamy soil upon these ancient sandy barrens. The *alternation of crops*, that is, the growing of a regular series of different farm-crops upon each and every one of our plowable fields in successive order, is an essential requisite to good farming. And it was *this* that gave to Flemish husbandry such great pre-eminence over that of any and every other country long before that system of husbandry was introduced into England. For the Flemings insist upon it, and their success in farming justifies them in their opinion, *that land does not need rest by fallowing where this system of farming is practised.* And Radcliffe, if we remember rightly, says that he saw the operations of harvesting the grain crop, and plowing and sowing of turnip seed, going on all at once on one and the same fields in Flanders, as the ground was plowed up and re-sown with another, and a different crop, as soon as the grain or other crop was cut and removed. And it is by the same or similar alternations of crop that the farmers in the county of Norfolk, and of other sandy regions of England, once poor and unproductive, have converted said regions into the most fruitful, wealthy and populous parts of England. And this same system has wrought similar changes of agricultural improvement in Scotland, and it will, if properly managed, produce an equally beneficial effect for us here in America. But there is nothing in farming that requires more judgment, and nothing on which the farmers' profits more depend than upon the order in which the various farm crops cultivated are made to succeed each other upon our fields. (See Radcliffe's "Tour in Flanders," published in 1819, and Johnson's Farmers' and Planters' Encyclopedia, and 1 Morton's Cyclopedia of Agriculture, tit. Agriculture and Flanders; also Encyclopedia Britannica, 16 vol., tit. Netherlands.

WEST BRANCH.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

HINTS ON FRUIT CULTURE.

The cultivation of fruit trees is indeed too much neglected in our country. When we consider the great profit arising not only from the real value of the fruit which every farmer is capable of raising, and with little trouble and expense, but also the additional value of the farm, the beauty, freshness and fragrance which they impart, we are struck with surprise at the apparent indifference and lack of knowledge manifested in their cultivation. And then how cool and refreshing to recline beneath their branches on a hot summer day. O! who does not love to linger rround the home surrounded with so many charms! It is indeed the most pleasant and attractive spot that this earth can afford—the place, above all others, where our fondest hopes of happiness here are centred, and where cluster the most pleasing recollections of youth. Is it not passing strange, when the inducements are so great, that too many farmers in our country have so neglected this important branch of home industry.

In travelling through the various portions of our Northern States, I find a great number of persons who have commenced the cultivation of fruit trees and vines, and scarcely tree or rose bush adorns the desolate dwelling. What sheer neglect of self-interest! what lack of good taste and good order! In several instances I have noticed a few apple trees, peach trees, &c., scattered here and there on the farm, the product of a few seeds which happened to escape the mice and squirrels, by becoming imbedded in the soil near an old stump, or beside the fence. These are Nature's living monitors, speaking to man in her own modest language, inviting him to act in concert, and participate in the rich reward of his labor.

I often hear persons remark that if they had only planted the seeds of the various kinds of fruit, only put in a few slips of currants, grape vines, &c., &c., when they first moved on their farm, and which would have cost them nothing but a little time and care; they might now be in possession of five hundred fruit trees, large and thrifty bearing trees, with an abundance of small fruits and a variety of all kinds. Only a few weeks ago I inquired of an old friend of mine, while in conversation upon various topics of modern interest, if he had a nice thrifty orchard on his farm. He replied, with looks and feelings of deep regret, that he had but two or three first rate trees on his farm now; there were about a dozen a few years ago, but as I had a great deal of other business to attend to, I did not protect them, and so the cattle have destroyed nearly all of them.

"How long have you been on your place?" I inquired. "Ten years," said he. "Ten years, and no orchard!" I am most assuredly surprised, my friend, at your neglect and short-sightedness, for I am sure that if I were to move into the dense forest, so great is my love and admiration of fruit culture, and especially for the products of the orchard, that I would make it my especial business to plant the seeds if I could do no better, and set out vines and bushes as soon as I got a spot cleared sufficiently large to let in the light of the sun." His reply was: they labored under many disadvantages; they were poor, and unable to purchase trees. "Poverty is no excuse," says I. "Nature always rewards the diligent and industrious, and if you had not the means of purchasing trees of three or four years growth, you had at least an opportunity of procuring an abundance of seeds free of cost, and now the product of those seeds would be paying you an hundred fold; your farm would be more saleable in consequence of having on it a young and thrifty orchard, which in a few years would yield a far greater profit than all the rest of the farm, and with one-sixteenth part of the labor. Now suppose, for instance, you had five hundred apple trees on a farm of one hundred acres, which would occupy a space of just ten acres. This ten acres of land, for the first ten years, would not be considered much less valuable for farming purposes than if the trees had not been there. The ground could be manured and tilled, and the shade of the trees certainly could not be sufficient to injure the growth of oats, buckwheat, clover, potatoes, or scarcely any other crop. Now, suppose each tree, on an an average, up to this time, should have yielded one bushel of apples, (which is a small estimate,) worth fifty cents per bushel, or $250 for the whole yield; but what is the profit for the first ten years compared with the next fifty? I will leave the reader to make his own estimate. It is very true for the first few years there would be no profit arising, yet to the man of business and forethought there would be continually a lively interest manifested, and an increasing desire to promote their growth and hasten their productiveness, and I am sorry to say this is not invariably the case; but when we investigate the matter and learn facts, we find there are many persons who are always in dread of waiting for fruit trees to grow, and the consequence is, they never commence their cultivation. Suspense is wretchedness, and with some, at least, it is so great as to be beyond endurance; and they will never begin an enterprise the proceeds of which are far in the future. They say they cannot wait—present necessities forbid. Now, is not this too true? Think you that fruits would be scarce if they could be grown in one season, like corn and potatoes? I am confident, if such were possible, fruit of all kinds would be abundant; for with the great mass of people present necessities and wants must be supplied, and but little time and money will be expended where the profits cannot be realized for a term of years. I sometimes have occasion to inquire of persons if they wish to purchase fruit trees or shrubbery, and the reply I often get is, that they are very fond of good fruit, there is nothing more delicious, and nothing that will so directly increase the value of the farm as a nice, thrifty orchard; but still I have no money to invest for trees at present, and if I had I presume I should never live to reap any benefit from them; so I guess I will not trouble myself about them! Oh, what an excuse! Reader, did you ever think of it? Did you ever weigh such an excuse? A person wholly wrapped up in self, and living only in the present, and for selfish motives. Are there not generations to come after us, and will they not be greatly benefitted, and be led by natural impulses to speak kindly of us; and those trees planted by our hands, and nurtured and protected by our care, be living monuments to our memory? And then again, will not those beautiful birds which make their appearance on every returning spring, and bring joy and gladness to every heart, warble sweetly among their green branches?

Away with such sordid motives, and let more exalted thoughts inspire the mind. All praise is due to that person who plants seed, and nourishes and protects the young and tender plant, and without once stopping to think whether he will be spared long enough to behold that tree covered with rich, radiant blossoms, or its branches drooping beneath the burthen of its mellow fruit.

T.

Susquehanna Depot, Pa.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WHEAT-GROWING IN WISCONSIN.

This is pre-eminently a wheat country. Wheat is the great staple of our State; not that our soil is not equally well adapted to other products, but we have no certain market for anything else. Corn, for instance, is now selling for 20 cents a bushel, potatoes a shilling, oats 18 cents while wheat is worth 75 cents. The consequence naturally is that everybody who can raises wheat; and truly there are few who cannot, for such is the natural fertility of our soil and its adaptation to this great cereal, that the most slovenly farming meets with rich returns—twenty bushels to the acre being about the average. It is, therefore, all wheat with us, wheat after wheat, year after year, little or no rotation, simply because wheat is our currency, our money, more ponderous than the iron coin of the ancients, but it has this great advantage, it will always sell for *something*, while other products will not sell at all, and money we must have, for the majority of us are more or less in debt. This state of things has led us into a fatal error. The great defect in the farming of Wisconsin, indeed, I may say, of the whole great West, is a system of shifts and expedients to provide for the day that is passing over us without much reference to the future. Our system is not the offspring of wisdom, but necessity. It is temporary; it cannot last; we are making such tremendous drafts on the soil, that these drafts must sooner or later be dishonored. We have indeed a virgin soil of unsurpassed fertility; but the fatal error of our farmers is in seeming to take it for granted that that fertility is inexhaustible. This assumption all the past disproves. It is well known that in most of our older States, the yield of small grains has steadily diminished, and that so rapidly, too, that so many States that recently raised considerable quantities for exportation, do not now raise sufficient for home consumption; and yet on the face of this fact, our Western farmers pursue the same unvarying round year after year of wheat after wheat, and nothing but wheat, as though the soil were as inexhaustible as the purse the fairy gave to Fortunatus. They are fatally deceived. They may escape the consequences of this short-sighted husbandry, if they die soon enough, but their children, if they leave any, will suffer for their sins.

T. T. K.

Green Lake County Wis., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

OSAGE ORANGE HEDGE.

Although much has been written in regard to this subject, I would beg leave to give to the readers of the "Newspaper" my experience in raising the Osage Orange. In the spring of 1855, I procured a small quantity of seed in the city of Erie, Pa., paying at the rate of $32 per bushel. After soaking it in warm water, I sowed it in drills about two feet apart. In the fall, wishing to plow the ground on which the plants stood, I dug them up and buried them, letting them remain in the earth until the following spring. I then spaded the ground on which I wished to set the plants, and planted them in a straight row nine inches apart. During the three first years I cultivated the ground on each side very thoroughly, thus killing the weede and loosening the ground near the young plants. I also manured the plants at the rate of half bushel of hen manure to six rods of hedge for the first three years. The second year after planting I cut off the shoots about four inches from the ground, and in the following month of July I cut them off seven inches from the ground, causing a large number of sprouts to come up. The third spring, instead of trimming, I turned or twisted the tops of the plants down among the roots, occasionally tying one with a string and turning and weaving others under and around it, the plants being very flexible there is no danger of their breaking, and they will grow in almost every position or shape in which they can be placed. Experience has taught me that this method is better than trimming or cutting off, making the hedge so dense that the smallest bird cannot pass through. Much objection has been raised to the Osage Orange as not being hardy enough to withstand the severity of our Northern winters. In this latitude, 42 degrees 13 minutes, there has not been much difficulty in that respect, I find that when the plants are turned or twisted down, instead of being trimmed off, the severe frosts do not injure the shoots so much, from the fact that they have the whole summer to mature, or for the wood to harden, whereas, if they are *cut* off in midsummer, the young sprouts will be very tender and full of sap, and when the frosts come they will freeze and wither like leaves.

F. H.

Erie County, Pa., 1862.

PREPARING FOR THE SUGAR CROP.

Thousands of acres of Chinese sugar cane are now growing in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, and even in California, to say nothing of the large tracts planted in many of the other States. As far as heard from, with very few exceptions, the American Agriculturist says, the cane is maturing well, often remarkably so, and ripening heads indicate that the season of manufacture is at hand. For several years people planted more as an experiment than for profit, and in many cases the cane was suffered to waste for want of suitable implements to grind and evaporate the juice. The low price of Southern and West India sweets was not favorable to the profitable growing of the northern cane, with the limited knowledge then possessed. The case is far different now. Sugars are high, and the results of the past few years' experiments have proven that not only syrup of good quality, but well-grained sugar can be manufactured from the northern cane at a profit, even were prices much lower than at present. Much, very much, is due to improved implements, or mills for grinding, and especially for evaporators which will rapidly convert the juice into a thick syrup for granulating. Conspicuous among them, and apparently quite in advance of others, is Cook's rocker evaporator, with which many tuns of *sugar* were made last season, and hundreds of tuns will doubtless be turned out this fall. The manufacturers say Ohio is good for six million gallons of syrup, and they are turning out one hundred evaporators per week.

But what we wish to urge now is that suitable provision be at once made for promptly working up the coming crop. Too much reliance should not be put upon neighborhood mills, and evaporators, convenient and economical as they are, for with the vast amount of cane to be disposed of, some will doubtless spoil before it is reached in rotation. Every person who expects to raise a few acres of cane each year, needs a good iron mill and a medium size evaporator, and he should not leave the procuring of them until wanted for use, as there will doubtless be a scarcity the present season, so great is the demand. A poorly made, light mill is little better than nothing—often worse. When the cane was first introduced, *hand mills* were to do the crushing, but with two strong men at the cranks it was found that but a small portion of the juice was extracted. Next wooden rollers and light iron mills were tried, only to break down in the midst of the work. A strong three roller mill, worked by at least two horses, is needed where much grinding is to be done, the feeding rollers being one-fourth inch apart, while the final pressure is given by rollers which run directly upon each other, the whole keyed up very strong.

If the cane cannot be used before heavy frosts, let it be cut and either stacked in the field, covering with straw, or packed away in a shed or barn to be worked up as soon as practicable. It is better to strip off the leaves before grinding, which may be done with the hand after cutting, or by striking them from the cane with a forked stick, while standing. Save the ripest heads for seed, and remove at least two feet of the upper end of the stalk as worthless.

The juice should be rapidly evaporated as soon as it is expressed, using some kind of a shallow pan so as to expose as much surface as possible both to the fire and the air. Cook's Evaporator alluded to above is admirably calculated to effect this. To granulate, set the thick syrup in shallow vats or other vessels, in a moderately warm place, and stir occasionally. After it has grained put in barrels or hogsheads with holes in the lower end to drain off the molasses or syrup. Of course everything connected with the grinding and boiling should be done in a cleanly manner. Nothing is needed to clarify the syrup, if it is rapidly concentrated and the scum faithfully removed, nor will such syrup need going through the refining process of the sugar house to fit it for market.

EFFECT OF LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY.

The Prairie Farmer, in answering the questions of a correspondent who fears that the labor-saving machines at the West have the effect of throwing laboring men out of employment, says:—"Has the use of labor-saving implements depopulated the West? On the other hand, has not the fact that they could be used in the prairie country with such facility and efficiency, contributed materially to its settlement and the development of its resources? Again, is not labor better paid than before the introduction of machinery? A day's work to-day will, as a rule, cost the farmer one hundred per cent. more than it did before the days of labor-saving machinery. Why use a plow, if it would populate the country and add to the happiness of the people to use a spade in field culture? How would the harvest of the past season been gathered without the reapers and mowers? And was not the laborer well paid, the demand exceeding the supply, at two hundred per cent. greater than before the days of railroads, telegraphs, and reapers and mowers? What creates a supply if not a demand? And is the present demand for laborers more than the supply?

Have we at present as large a number of poor day laborers with uneducated families, in proportion to the population, as were in the country twenty-five years ago? Has the introduction of machinery oppressed the poor? Has not its introduction and the opening of cheap lands, easily cultivated, placed scores of plodding poor in an independent position who supported themselves and families with bread by hiring by the day to A, B and C for a pittance? This whole matter must be looked at through some other medium than pure selfishness. We must regard and compare the condition of the masses to-day and their condition before machinery was introduced. Compare the number of school-houses and churches that have been built within the last decade with the number built in the ten years preceding. We have little to do with isolated cases. We regard the great whole. And we believe every actual labor-saving implement built, if it is properly used and cared for, adds to rather than detracts from the independence of the people—adds to their resources, increases the value of labor, and keeps the world moving straight forward."

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ITEMS FOR FARMERS.

HAY TEA FOR CALVES.—Hay tea is an excellent thing for calves. They will thrive well on it. It should be made rather strong and a little milk added to it, or thickened with some kind of meal or flour, and given to them moderately warm. They may at first refuse to drink it, but will soon become very fond of it.

TO KEEP POTATOES FRESH AND SOUND DURING THE WINTER.—As soon as dug, select those that are sound and put them in a dry bin, in a cool place in the cellar, where they will not be frozen, however, and cover them as closely as possible with fresh sods, putting the dirt downwards. In this way they will generally keep as fresh and sound as when first dug.

TO KEEP TURNIPS SWEET AND TENDER.—Pack them in sand in barrels or boxes. They will keep as well this way, or better, than when buried in the ground, as they will not grow and are equally as sweet and tender, besides being more convenient for use.

TO MAKE HENS LAY WELL IN WINTER.—Provide them a warm shelter, with free access to the ground where they can find plenty of gravel-stones, as digestion cannot be carried on without them. Lime and ashes, also, should constantly be allowed them. Warm food and fresh meat must be given them daily, as well as plenty of pure water. By such management there will be no reason to complain about the scarcity of eggs, and the hens will be perfectly free from disease.

PROGRESS.

Jackson, 1862.

WINDOW GARDENING.

What can we grow in a window? A great deal, and to much advantage; temperature from 40 degrees to 60 degrees; the east window is preferable to south or west. There are many whose position and circumstances does not permit them to have a green-house, but all have a window, and it is surprising to see how much can be done by the aid of a few lights. How very captivating to all lovers of plants to see the hundreds of windows of some of our large factories, all beautifully filled with plants in excellent health, and watered and tended by the girls who are engaged at their looms. Hours hang heavy upon many of our fair, and there is nothing more elegant or refining than to devote a portion of them upon what is now considered a species of refinement. Plant cabinets, ferneries, hanging flower-vases, and window gardening are some of the accomplishments of the day. A copious supply of water, frequent sponging and syringing of the foliage, and judicious airing, will result in success; nearly all plants will grow in earth from the woods, or very rich sandy soil; they will even grow in sand, if watered freely with manure water. The following plants are adapted for windows, and will give succession of bloom all winter: Azalea, Begonia, Cactus, Calla, Cupheas, Camellia, Daphne, Dracena ferra, Fuchsia, (Ladies' Ear-Drop, kept wet,) Geranium, Hoya, Jasmine Justicia, Metrosideros, Myrtile, Oxalis, (with sun,) Olea, Oleander, Passiflora. These, with Bengal and Tea Roses will make up an ample variety for three or four windows, and afford bloom nearly the whole season.—*R. Buist.*

FALL is the best time to make new asparagus beds, say, October, especially from the middle to the last of the month. Choose two-year old plants. Old matted roots are not as good, but may be used, however, and will yield cuttings sooner; fresh roots usually produce the best permanent bed, and geneeally repays the gardener for his trouble.

"NINETY-TWO."

BY JENNIE M. GRIFFITH.

I laugh to confess it, but "Ninety-Two"
Was the title I gave her. I never knew
If Ruth or Rachel, or Blanche or Grace,
Was the name made sweetest by her sweet face;
Or by what appella ive, quaint or absurd,
The household knew her, I never heard.
To me she was always "Ninety-Two,"
Said as you say May, when Winter is through.

No foot on the stone steps brisk as her own,
No curls like her curls, from bonnets out-blown,
Soft pink of sea shells, creamy cheeks through,
Under brown lashes June's bluest blue;
A little hand holding the glove it should wear,
A tiny veil fluttering back on the air—
Charming and potent my glasses to woo,
This was the picture called "Ninety two."

I never could tell if her tread carried cheer
Into noisome alleys and tenements drear,
Or if in the shelter of warm pink palms,
Charity carried her cheerful alms,
Nestled like birdling may be, may be,
The Father had hidden from such as she
The sight of his pitiful ones, and meant
Sunshine alone to her should be sent.

But as sunniest days are the fullest of bees,
Richest in fragrance, greenest in trees,
When all the grand butterflies flash their attire,
For the stripped and brown insects to see and admire,
So graciously giving a largess to eyes
That looked at her blest with the gladdest surprise,
She seemed to make tropical summer, and glow
Lifted above it, a peak of snow.

Then after a little in clouds of lace,
White buds kissing the sweet young face,
Shiny in satin of pearliest hue,
Perfect in glove to the silken shoe;
Full of the tenderest woman charms,
Half upheld by another's arms,
She floated like vision away from view,
With a fonder title than "Ninety-Two."

THE REBELLION.

Another Account of the Battle of Perryville.

Great Conflict between McCook's Division and Bragg's Army.

THE REBELS TWO TO ONE.

THE ENEMY DEFEATED.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from the battle-field at Perryville, Ky., on the 9th inst., describes the battle as one of the fiercest of the war. The disposition of our forces upon the field was skillful; and, generally, they were ably managed during the course of the battle. Rebel prisoners say that their Generals acknowledge our good management. It was the intention of Bragg, in making the attack, to beat part of our army before the remainder could come up, but Buell had all along suspected that Perryville would be the place where the rebels would make a stand, and was, therefore, prepared for them. After describing he preliminary fight in the morning, the great battle is given as follows:

ARTILLERY FIGHT ON THE LEFT.

Upon the left, where Jackson's division was stationed, was one of our batteries feeling for the enemy. No response was elicited, however, nor did a battery connected with Mitchell's division, which came up about this time and took position upon the right of Sheridan's, meet with any better success. Capt. Loomis' Michigan battery, posted on a hill which overlooked the whole space between our advance bodies and the wooded hills where the enemy's legions lay massed, also threw a few shells towards these heights, and Capt. Simmonds' (5th Indiana battery) did the same. But the enemy gave no sign. The position occupied by these two batteries was peculiarly favorable for operating against the enemy, should he endeavor to cross the open space in front of them, but it was at the same time exposed and dangerous, if the enemy should, previous to charging, open fire with his artillery from his position upon the hills

ROSECRANS' DIVISION—LYTLE'S BRIGADE.

At the foot of the hill just behind the batteries, was stationed Rousseau's division, the Seventeenth Brigade, Col. Lytle to the right, and most of it upon the east of the right of our whole line, being to the east of a narrow lane which ran north and south, and opened out into the field where Loomis was posted, just where stood the group of trees I have mentioned. The Ninth Brigade, Col. Harris of the 2d Ohio, commanding, was on the left of the lane on somewhat higher ground, partly in the open field and partly in a neck of woods, which opened into the cleared ground, and further to the left was the Twenty-Eighth Brigade, Col. Starkweather of the 1st Wisconsin, commanding. This brigade was formed at Nashville about five weeks since, and had taken the place of the 5th brigade when the 3d division was reorganized at that city. It was nearly two o'clock when the cannonade commenced with terrific fury along the entire line. Several of the enemy's batteries had evidently been moved much nearer although still under cover of certain necks of wood which extended into the open ground toward our position. Strange discharges of musketry began to be heard, and the enemy's legions, hitherto concealed, emerged in long and formidable lines from the cover of the woods. In half an hour afterward, the discharges of musketry were sharp, quick and terrific from our right to our left, where Jackson's division, now fully in position, was gallantly sustaining the battle.

It was three o'clock when the rebels, hitherto unable to cause even a wavering in any portion of our line of battle, collected his chosen bands, and, under the leadership of Bragg himself, advanced determinedly toward our center, or rather the left of our center, in order to break, if possible, the line which our gallant soldiers everywhere so stubbornly maintined. In vain their artillery thundered within a hundred yards of us; in vain their infantry poured volley after volley into our ranks; in vain their cavalry came forward with loud shouts and in magnificent order. Their artillery was silenced by the murderous fire of our own batteries, and their cavalry advanced only to strew the ground with their corpses, and then retire in confusion.

ATTACK UPON JACKSON'S DIVISION.

But the attack which began upon Jackson's division, about twenty minutes after that upon Rousseau's, was more successful. Here the infamous Buckner brought an immense force to bear against the two brigades of which Jackson's division is composed—the 33d, commanded by Gen. Terrell, and the 34th, by Col. Webster of the 96th Ohio. A strip of woods lay between the open ground in front of this division and that in front of Gen. Rousseau's, and extends very nearly back to the woods upon the left of Perryville, where the rebels had their force posted in the morning. This strip of timber formed a covered way by which the rebels stealthily advanced until they were near our lines, when, suddenly deploying to the left, they occupied the whole space in front of Jackson's division, and rushed upon it with demoniac yells.

The soldiers of the Union fought with courage never surpassed, and again and again were the advancing rebels checked and thrown into confusion. Regiment vied with regiment, and man with man, to see who should longest sustain the repeated and terrible assaults of the foe. Occasionally portions of the line would waver a little under the murderous fire which the enemy in overwhelming numbers poured upon it; but even while their comrades were falling thickly around them, the men would rally, reform, and again drive their bullets in the faces of their desperate enemies.

Harris's, Stone's and Parson's batteries ceased firing shell and round shot, and hurled into the very bosom of the advancing host a storm of grape and canister, until the ground was literally covered with dead and mangled rebels. But with ever increasing fury the enemy continued the assault. He placed several lines upon sloping ground, in such a way that the whole could fire at once, and although this arrangement enabled our batteries to operate with more deadly effect it created such havoc in our single line of battle as no soldier could endure. A portion of the 21st Wisconsin, supporting Stone's battery, broke and fled. The greatly superior numbers of the assailants enabled them to outflank our line; and from both front and flank they rushed upon us, delivering their fire within a few feet of our lines, and charging up to the very muzzles of the guns.

The 90th Illinois and 105th Ohio gave way before this mad onset, leaving Capt. Parson's battery exposed. The artillerymen at once abandoned their hitherto nobly defended pieces, and all but a single gun fell into the hands of the enemy. Four of Capt. Harris' guns were also left upon the field, but the rebels had not time to carry them off, and I think they were all recovered to-day.

Our line being thus broken, the entire division retreated, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, where it halted, and held its ground until the battle ceased. But it retreated only after its division commander, Gen. Jackson, and one brigade commander, Gen. Terrell, were killed, and the other, Col. Webster, was mortally wounded. Not a suspicion will ever be cast upon the valor of these noble men; and if it be not true, as some declare, that two companies of the 21st Wisconsin, posted near Stone's battery, broke and ran away with unseemly haste, then all the troops of Gen. Jackson's division will hereafter be classed among the veterans of the Union army.

The partial success of the rebels upon this division, encouraged them to recommence the attack upon Rousseau, and now began one of the bloodiest passages at arms which has occurred during the war. I witnessed it from beginning to end, and gazed upon it with an indescribable horror which took away all sense of danger.—Those whom I have longest known and best loved in the whole Union army, here fought and fell in scores before my eyes, and died in every terrible form of death. I may behold great battles hereafter, and my heart may become somewhat callous to their bloody scenes, but never shall I forget what I saw at that time, nor will the impression made thereby ever pass away.

THE ATTACK ON LYTLE'S COMMAND.

The 17th Brigade (Colonel W. H. Lytle of the 10th Ohio, commanding), formed, as I have said, the right of Rousseau's division, and it was against this that the rebel leaders directed their fiercest assault. Emerging from the shelter to which they had retired after their first repulse from this portion of the line, they advanced in heavy masses toward our position. Their appearance, as regiment after regiment, and mass after mass, came forth though beneath the woods and advancing down the slopes of the hills, was imposing in the extreme. Distance concealed the rags composing their uniform; the bright sunbeams glancing from their bayonets flashed like lightning over the field; and the blue flag with a single star waved all along their lines, as proudly as though it were not the emblem of treason, Slavery and death. At their head advanced a General mounted upon a white horse, and surrounded by a numerous staff, all having horses of the same color. However one might hate these traitors, he could not but admire this conspicuous and daring valor, for each one of these "pale-horse" riders instantly became a mark for a shower of bullets, several of which sped not upon their way in vain. Near the foot of the slope of hills, the wooded crests of which had formed their original position, they planted a dozen pieces of artillery, raking the 3d Ohio and 42d Indiana, which now advanced to the summit of the hill (upon which Loomis and Simonson's batteries were posted at the beginning of the action) in order that they might meet the dense masses of the enemy's infantry, which were advancing under cover of the fire from their artillery. As soon as these two gallant regiments appeared upon the crest, they were saluted with a tempest of bullets from the muzzles of at least four thousand muskets, at the same time that the cannon of the enemy thundered on their front and flank. The 3d Ohio, Col. John Beatty, sustained the heaviest fire, and as long as it remained upon the hill its ranks were continually plowed by the terrible discharges from the enemy's artillery.

But while it remained there, (and it remained until a third of its number strewed the field), it never for an instant ceased to belch forth a volley of flame into the face of the foe, nor could the rebel legions, with all their desperation, summon courage to charge it. Every officer stood like a rock to his post, and the gallant Col. Beatty, dismounting from his unmanageable horse, placed himself coolly and calmly in the centre of his regiment, cheered both by voice and example his dauntless men, and seemed totally unconscious that death was everywhere around and about him.

At last a shell from the rebel cannon set fire to a pile of straw, the flame of which instantly communicated to a large barn, upon which the right wing of the Third Ohio rested. In a moment the whole was in a blaze; the heat became intense and unendurable, and though some of the heroes stood until their faces were blistered rather than break their ranks, they were compelled at length to retire in confusion upon the centre and left of the regiment, which they also threw into disorder. Slowly and reluctantly the officers began to follow their men down the hill, at the foot of which they immediately reformed the torn and bleeding ranks.

During this time, the Fifteenth Kentucky, Colonel Curran Pope, which was in the rear of the Third Ohio, and under shelter of the hill, became intensely anxious to advance, and more than once sent up to ask the Third Ohio to retire, and allow them for a time to face the foe. As soon as the disaster of the burning barn threw the Third into disorder, Colonel Pope shouted forward to his regiment, and with the utmost alacrity it rushed up the eminence. No matter that muskets, rifles, cannons hurled immediately against it every deadly missile of war; no matter that the roar of musketry and artillery which greeted its appearance sounded not like successive volleys, but like the continued rattle of ten thousand drums; no matter that its ranks were decimated ere it had been there a single minute, it stood like a wall until Lieutenant Colonel Jouett and Major Campbell were both killed, and Col. Pope was wounded and his horse shot from under him. Then it retired, and rallied at the foot of the hill.

At this time the 10th Ohio were lying upon their faces to the left of the 3d, near the summit of the same hill, and upon the other side of a lane, as I have before mentioned. And now occurred the most terrible disaster of the day. The retreat of the 3d Ohio and 15th Kentucky had left the right wing of the 10th uncovered, and a whole brigade of the enemy, forming in mass, advanced toward them over ground of such a nature that if the 10th did not receive warning from some source, the rebel column would be upon them and annihilate them before they could rise from their faces and change front. Col. Lytle was expecting the enemy to appear in his front, over the crest of the hill, and had intended to have the gallant 10th charge them with the bayonet. And they still lay upon their faces while the enemy was advancing upon their flank, stealthily as a cat steals upon her prey. Nearer and nearer they come! Great heavens! will no one tell the 10th of their fearful peril? Where is the eagle eye which ought to overlook the field, and send swift-footed couriers to save this ultimate bass band from destruction? Alas, there is none! The muses of Carnifex are doomed! The mass of rebels, which a rising ground just to the right of the 10th has hitherto concealed from view, rush upon the hapless regiment, and from the distance of a hundred yards pour into it an annihilating fire, even while the men are still upon their faces! Overwhelmed and confounded, they leap to their feet, and vainly endeavor to change front and meet the enemy. It is impossible to do it under that withering, murderous fire; and for the first time in its history the 10th regiment turns its back upon the enemy. They will not run; they only walk away, and they are mowed down by scores as they do so.

The noble, gifted, generous Lytle, the Chevalier Bayard of the Ohio troops, was pierced with bullets and fell where the storm was fiercest.—One of his sergeants lifted him in his arms and was endeavoring to bear him from the field.—"*You* may do some good yet," said the hero; "I can do no more; let me die here." He was left there, and fell into the hands of the enemy. It is reported and hoped that his wounds were not mortal, and that he may yet again be restored to us to fight for the cause he loved so well. The brave Major Moore was badly wounded while doing all in his power to retrieve the terrible blunder which some one had made. Lieut.-Col. Bunde, with almost superhuman courage, endeavored to rally his men, succeeding at last, and forming the shattered remains of the 10th in line of battle a considerable distance to the left.

During all these bloody conflicts, Gen. Rousseau seemed every where present, and, rode fearlessly amidst the iron hail, directing and encouraging his men. If the "dark and bloody ground" had furnished for the Union army only two such men as Pope and Rousseau, the patriot might cry exultantly "Well done, Kentuck!"

ATTACK ON SHERIDAN'S DIVISION.

While the 10th Ohio was being so terribly cut up, another immense body of rebels filed off to the left, disappeared behind the woods fronting Gen. Sheridan's division, and soon after commenced a desperate assault upon our right and right centre. But Mitchell and Sheridan were ready to receive them, and the high hill to the right of the road, occupied by the latter in the morning, instantly became a huge volcano, belching forth from each quarter volumes of fire and smoke, and flinging into the midst of the dismayed and staggering traitors, ten thousand projectiles, deadly as a volley of stones shot from the crater of Etna. After vainly endeavoring to storm the hill, the shattered masses of the enemy gave way, and were pursued by Gen. Mitchell beyond Perryville.

And now, while the 17th brigade was still struggling gloriously, and even after its frightful losses, was actually holding the rebels in check, the 9th and 28th brigades, both of which had borne a distinguished part so far, came to the rescue. A half dozen regiments rushed up along the crest of an eminence immediately to the left, and with loud shouts bore down upon the enemy. Around a farm house to the left of the 17th brigade and in a woods in front of it (the same under cover of which the rebels had advanced in their assault upon Jackson's division), the combat raged with unintermitted fury for more than half an hour. But when the attack upon our right was repulsed, the enemy retired from this portion of the field.

Just about sundown, a last despairing effort of the baffled